

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 13, 1967 40 CENTS

## COLORFUL KANSAS CITY

Young pitching star  
Jim Nash





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SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 344 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Lane, President; D. W. Bronckough, Treasurer; Bernard Baron, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Combined U.S. subscriptions \$8 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico \$16 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$5 a year, all other \$14 a year.

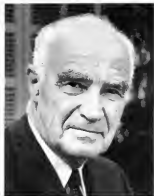
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## Next week

CHICAGO'S FIRST TITLE in National League hockey is imminent. As the Black Hawks race closer, Pete Azzolin observes them and illuminates the hazards behind the headlines

THE WORLD'S BEST SKIERS come together in Franciscana, N.H. and begin a series of three U.S. events to decide the new World Cup title. Dan Jenkins' report, plus color photographs

A BUNCH OF YOUNGSTERS will meet in college basketball's national championship, and their outcome youth increases the likelihood of upset. So says Frank Deford in his analysis.



HENRY R. LUCE  
1898-1987

**T**ributes to Henry R. Luce, who died last Tuesday, February 28, in Phoenix, are being read or heard everywhere. They justly emphasize his giant stature in the story of journalism in the 20th century and his impact on public affairs. But here we would like to keep comment on a more modest plane, and on a more personal note.

Fond as he was of golf and bridge, Harry Luce was not particularly addicted to sport or games, although he did once claim lightheartedly that, "Besides class football—a very serious proposition—I seriously engaged in the following: cricket, soccer, lacrosse, tennis, squash, golf, swimming, gymnastics, cross-country, yachting, croquet, riding, skeet shooting, bird shooting (quail, duck, pheasant, grouse, woodcock), animal shooting (deer), fishing (trout, bass, deep sea, and also one 20-foot shark)."

Luce certainly was far from casually concerned with the relationship between sport and journalism, or with the place of sport in society. Of the latter he remarked, "There would not be tremendous interest and participation if sport did not correspond to some important elements—something deeply inherent—in the human spirit." That was one conclusion that led him to start *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Without Luce, of course, this magazine would never have existed, and without his continuing attention it would not have succeeded.

Because we are human, all of us here are first and foremost conscious of personal bereavement. Even those members of the staff who had little or no opportunity to know Luce feel the disappearance of an individual whom neither our magazine nor our era can easily afford to lose.

As for those of us who worked with him for many years, this is a sad time. It is always hard when a friend goes. Memories crowd the mind, stabbing and hurting. But those memories are warm with the knowledge of efforts shared and with gratitude for an inspiration that never flagged.

MARJORIE LUCE, EDITOR

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## FOOTLOOSE

For sportsman pilots, paradise can be found just this side of Half-Swacked Bay.

Any islander will tell you, the mystique of an island is its snug contentment, removed from all the flaps and frustrations of the nutty world outside. In the San Juan Archipelago off the northwest coast of Washington, there is an island called Blakely which, because it combines isolation with easy accessibility, has emerged as a kind of paradise for the sports flying fraternity.

Blakely is an odd mixture of tame deer, contented sea otters, absolute wilderness and the best-lighted all-weather landing strip in the San Juan Islands. Bill Peeble, a Bellevue businessman, sums up its appeal when he confides, "The minute my wheels touch down on the island I become a different person. I flew my stockbroker in last weekend, and after I flipped off the engine I told him, 'I mean.' 'Listen to what?' he asked me. 'Listen to nothing.' I replied, 'Just listen to nothing.'"

Blakely is a private island with just enough public facilities to make stray boaters and flyers feel reasonably welcome. There is the Skytel ta motel for people down out of the sky; a clubhouse with bar and restaurant; a boat marina fully equipped to care for around 60 visiting yachts; a 40-foot motor sailer for charter, and that 2,400-foot, grass-planted, lighted landing field extending across the northwest corner of the island from Peavine Pass to Half-Swacked Bay. The bay, incidentally, was named by early-day loggers in tribute to somebody who fell in, and doesn't refer to habits of the current islanders. Blakely is at its liveliest any time from late April until the first real knock-down storm of autumn, say in mid-October. Yet to escape the harsh winter climate east of the Cascades Range, a small colony of dry-land Oregon and Washington flying wheat ranchers lives on Blakely throughout the winter months, when their mainland empires are frozen.

The sixth largest body of land in the San Juan Islands, Blakely measures about 10 square miles. It was purchased in 1954 by Floyd Johnson, an early sports flyer and onetime international salesman for Cessna. Floyd, at that time manager of the Columbia Aviation Club in Portland, Ore., had spent years searching by air from Mexico to the Canadian line for a flyer's rendezvous on the West Coast. The club had a nebulous idea of purchasing such a spot for its fly-ins, but when Floyd proposed a 5,000-acre island, the venture was considered too ambitious.

The club dropped out of the deal and the Johnsons, Floyd and Ole, took over. An island that had lain fallow for decades following the departure of families of 19th cen-

tury homesteaders, who once operated a little pioneer lumber mill near the island's southern tip, Blakely had everything—two spring-fed high mountain lakes for trout fishing and plentiful water supply, a flattened area in the northwest corner for the landing strip, a natural yacht basin that needed only dredging, more than 17 miles of exquisite beaches and sandpits and coves and precipitous cliffs dropping into the sea. The island was richly furred with second-growth forest, sprung up after the logging of 80 years ago in the deep glacial silt left behind by the melting of Puget Glacier in the last Ice Age.

Best of all from a flyer's standpoint, it lay at the very center of the Banana Belt, an area which receives only half the rainfall of the Washington mainland. Happily, the San Juans are set in an amphitheatre of great mountain ranges. Canada's Vancouver Island mountains on the west and Coast Ranges to the north, the Cascades on the east side of the bowl and the Olympic Mountains to the south. Rain-bearing westerlies suffer their first big squeeze as they run this gamut. The clouds mass again against the Cascades, but in the geographic interval storms are dispersed and the islands bask in sun while mainlanders growl out at them from under downpours. Temperatures run 10 degrees warmer in the isles.

Because of all this, some developers descended on the San Juan Islands with the zeal of a French chef on a bundle of parsley, hacking them up into the greatest possible number of homesites and planting fluorescent property markers up and down anything a goat can climb. But the Johnsons were in love with the wilderness beauty of Blakely, and equally touched by its reminders of pioneer life: split-rail fences thick and green with moss, a moldering log schoolhouse, gnarled fruit orchards grown from ships set out by homesteaders' wives, crumbling log barns and cabins and even a bathtub carved for a brake from a single cedar log. They decided to leave the bulk of its 5,000 acres just as they were, developing a mere 200 acres in the vicinity of the landing strip for a maximum of 150 flying and boating families. They brought in a power cable from the mainland and telephone service, but left the pioneer wagon roads in the interior of the island just about as they found them.

"If we put in good roads, people would insist on bringing cars to Blakely. This way they confine themselves to a jeep or two per family, and bicycles," says Floyd. The end result is a "wild" island for the enjoyment of settlers, and a sophisticated colony of congenial people who appreciate it. Some 3,000 deer, all that island browse will maintain, bold eagles that have nested in ancient snags near the shores of Horseshoe and Spencer lakes for generations, sea otters romping along the beaches and a colony of blue herons remain undisturbed.

continued

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## GOLF

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## FOOTLOOSE *continued*

Sports flyers spread the news of the island marina nationwide in no time at all. On a summer weekend, Blakely's strip has been known to log more landings than Seattle's Boeing Field 80 miles to the south. They come in like homing butterflies from all over the continent: Mexican sportsmen fascinated with Puget Sound skin diving. New York businessmen attracted by the peace and privacy, Alaskans lingering over on a trip "outside," California lettuce kings and Hawaiian boatmen, salmon-fishing motion-picture actors and Chicago novelists. You meet everybody at Blakely sooner or later.

Still, it is not in the least pretentious. Expedience for such improvements as the landing strip and yacht basin has been lessish, but the clubhouse is World War II surplus housing that was hauled to the island by landing barge back in the early days of Blakely development. Modest A-frame vacation houses are tucked in the woods quite comfortably beside elegant year-round homes. Blakely's idea of a real good party is a jug of martini and a smoked salmon, consumed on the summit rocks of Blakely Peak as the sun drops into the low-lying fogbank that lurks just west of Vancouver Island.

Islanders don't ring doorbells to find out who's in—they check planes on the parking strips fanned out into the trees. Businessmen of Bellevue and Seattle learned long ago that it makes more sense to commute by plane from office to Blakely than to face the freeway frolic. The bonus is the bliss of children turned loose to explore an entire island of wild, driftwood-decked beaches and soaring sun-bleached rocks reaching over a thousand feet in height.

Elders in the San Juan Islands, who take a dim view of almost any development, look upon the Johnsons' discreet stewardship of Blakely Island with approval. Once I took a California realtor to Blakely for a look. In Flood's office on the ground floor of the clubhouse there is a huge aerial photograph of the island that shows the planned residential area taking up something like 1% of the whole—a testament to taste and restraint.

"Why, you don't develop these islands at all!" the Californian protested finally, studying all that wildlife sanctuary. "You just choose a corner and live on it!"

And that's what Blakely is all about—a private pilot's rendezvous and colony without equal on the Pacific Coast. Rachel Field wrote of islands in general: "Once you have slept on an island. You'll never be quite the same."

This might be attended for flyers. Once they've buzzed Blakely's deer off the strip and homed in on the island, they're never quite the same.

—DOLLY CONNELLY

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**



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CENTRAL	8 Way & 52nd	Goldthumb
CENTRAL PARK	3rd St. & 4th	Goldthumb
CNELSEA	W 22nd St. 8th	Goldthumb
CONCOURSE	Clinton & 5th	Goldthumb
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EAST END CINEMA	2nd Ave. & 4th	Goldthumb
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GAIETY	52nd & 1st Ave.	Goldthumb
GARDEN	57th St. E. of Mad.	Goldthumb
GOTHAM	43rd & 8 Way	Goldthumb
GRAND	Park near 52nd St.	Goldthumb
GRANDVIEW	near Columbus Circle	Goldthumb
HEIGHTS CINEMA	Madison & 10th	Goldthumb
IRVING	Christopher & Madison	Goldthumb
KNICKERBOCKER	5th Ave. & 12th	Goldthumb
LUX	55th St. & 4th	Goldthumb
MARLBOROUGH	3rd Ave. & 22nd	Goldthumb
PAVILION	161st & Wadsworth	Goldthumb
REGENT	37th St. between 3rd & 2nd	Goldthumb
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It's because you *do* have free choice that you have so many good things to choose from: Tonight's movie. Tomorrow's groceries. Next year's car. And it's all the competition that makes these things get better all the time.

Of course, some people think you have too much choice in the marketplace.

They think you are confused or, maybe, just not bright enough to make up your own mind about the products you want and need. They think the government ought to help you.

For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 68? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't

laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked you about it?

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## BOOKTALK

Cassius-Muhammad is portrayed with penetration, compassion and wit

Pride, fear, ignorance, caniness, cattiness, quickness and a superb physique are the very human qualities of a by-now almost legendary character known sometimes as Muhammad Ali, sometimes as Cassius Clay. In his new book about Muhammad-Cassius (*Black Is Best*, Putnam, \$4.95), some parts of which have already appeared in the pages of this magazine (SL, April 11, 18, 25; May 2, 9, 1966), Jack Olsen has cut through the myth to bring the human being to life. Because the subject is so rich and the writer so endowed with talent for working the riches, Olsen's account may be the best biography of a sports figure published to date.

Like many instinctive actors, Clay (as Olsen prefers to call him) has a sharp intuition about his audience—any audience, usually captive. He is always on stage and he is always looking out of the corner of his mind to catch the effect his act is having. At the weigh-in before the first Lamon fight in Miami Beach on February 24, 1964, Clay put on such a show that his heartbeat and blood pressure reached proportions that alarmed his physicians, but after the performance the exhausted actor relaxed on a sofa and eagerly asked friends, "How'd I do? How'd I do?"

Clay's oddball father was responsible for many of his son's notions and biases. Clay's mother, an admirable and endearing lady, is a living Griselda. One of the most engaging of Clay's own traits is his affection for his entire family, especially the worthless, arrogant younger brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay, whom Olsen calls "a study in sibling obedience."

As Olsen presents it, Clay's attitude toward the rest of the world is an amalgam of reverse racism and real hurt. He chafed at his enforced humiliations and those of his black family from the time he was 3, and never, if he lives to be a Muslim Mehuselah, can he, in his view, even the score.

"Cassius love all people," his thoroughly Christian mother told Olsen, but her son, unlike Jesus, prefers the eye for an eye of the Old Testament to the turned cheek of the New. "In other words," Olsen writes, "he has learned to treat white men as many white men treat Negroes."

It is the opinion of Cassius' family and many of his friends that the Black Muslims have captured him in an effort to take themselves out of the lunatic fringe on his championship coattails. Olsen does not offer a conclusion on this point, but he provides a meticulous account of the relationship. His book, in short, is the complete, up-to-date account of the first 25 years of a champion whose eccentric story is far from finished.

—M. R. WARNER

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# SCORECARD

## SHOULD ARNOLD GO SNOW BIZ?

In his series on Arnold Palmer (page 32) Attorney Mark McCormack reveals the details of the proposed purchase of some of Palmer's businesses and services by NBC. We have no doubt that such a deal would be beneficial to Palmer and NBC, but there is some question about it being good for sport. Once again, as with the purchase of the Yankees by CBS, we are distressed to see television moving in. The industry has rarely given any indication that it appreciates the vital difference between show business and sport—that one can be staged, manipulated, gimmicked up, and the other cannot. Of equal consequence, television purports to be—with respect to sport—a journalistic medium. Even when it has no financial stake in teams or individual athletes it has shown a singular inability to function in its proper role of unbiased reporter or to make fair editorial comment. But as the owner of an athlete or club, a network is faced with a fundamental conflict of interest: covering the news and at the same time endeavoring to profit from it. No matter how careful his new owners might be with their use of Palmer, it is still to be deplored that one of the world's most prominent athletes should be drawing a monthly paycheck from a TV network.

## THEM KIDS IS PLAYING LACROSSE

A press release extolling its lacrosse team comes to us from the Loomis School of Windsor, Conn. The release notes: "Most educators have generally placed Loomis among the top 10 . . . schools in the country on the basis of their well-rounded curriculum . . ." It may well be time for a recount.

## THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

Since Jackie Robinson came up in 1947, the Negro has made what are known as Great Strides in baseball and elsewhere, which apparently doesn't include Fort Myers, Fla., where the Pittsburgh Pirates hold spring training.

Last week, Donn Clendenon, the Pi-

rates' Negro first baseman, who is a college graduate and going for his law degree, arrived in Fort Myers at midnight. He had a reservation at the Holiday Inn, but was told he couldn't have the room until 10 a.m., and since no other motels had vacancies, Clendenon, his wife and his 5-month-old son slept in their car in the Holiday Inn parking lot. The next morning he called a lady who runs a motel with efficiency apartments and was told two were available at \$250 a month. Clendenon said fine, he'd be right over. When he got there the lady said that both units had just been taken. Clendenon took the room at the Holiday Inn for \$20 a day until he managed to get a place for \$327 a month. "You see what happens to you when you're Irish," says Clendenon.

## FAIR SAILING

Just about every week, it seems, there is news of some doughty skipper setting out across the sea alone in a boat no bigger than a cockleshell. There is such a trend toward privation and loneliness among yachtsmen that it is refreshing to get word of a countertrend started by Vic Meyer of Sydney, Australia. In past years Meyer won a boodle of honors in ocean races, but he has given up all that and now sails his 57-foot steel yawl at a leisurely pace, so he can enjoy the company of his all-girl crew. When he touched back into Sydney after cruising more than 13,000 miles with a comely pair, the Australian yachting magazine, *Seacraft*, sent its Miss Sheila Patrick around to get the woman's angle.

"Do the girls cook?" Miss Patrick asked.

"Oh no, I do the cooking," Meyer replied. "I'm a hell of a good cook. My specialty is beef stroganoff. Chateaubriand and baked turkey are others."

"Do the girls navigate?"

"Hell, no," said Meyer. "I'm the navigator—and not bad, either."

"What about steering?"

"Couldn't trust them with that," he said. "We have an automatic pilot and

only steer by hand some 12 hours in 13 months."

"Do they hoist sails?" she asked.

"Hardly ever. I can manage that, too," said Meyer. "I have marvelous winches."

"The anchor?" Miss Patrick said.

"Special winches for that, too," Meyer replied.

"Well, what do the girls do?"

"They keep the ship tidy, do the washing up and are very nice company. Of course, they are bitchy ashore. But I prefer them to men because they seem much happier pottering about the yacht." Having cleared that up, Meyer dropped off his mooring and set sail for New Zealand.

## FORGET THE GAIT

As we have previously noted (SI, July 18, 1966), Joey Goldstein, who does the publicity for New York's Roosevelt Raceway, is too much. *Exempli gratia*: pointing out that Leonardo da Vinci has been in the news lately because the National Gallery of Art purchased his *Genetia dei Beni* for \$5 million and also because of the discovery in Spain of his so-called lost notebooks, Joey reminds us that trotting was very big in Italy during Leonardo's lifetime and that in the Royal Library of Windsor Castle there are 18 drawings by Leonardo of horses exhibiting the high-stepping diag-



onal leg action of the trotter—so the opening-night feature at Roosevelt last Saturday was called the Leonardo.

What Joey didn't kind of mention was that the Leonardo was a pace.

## BETTER EARLY THAN NEVER

So how's by Yonkers, New York's other harness track? Not so nicely, thank you. Its meeting closed last week, and both the handle and attendance were down. But has Yonkers lost its—well—sense of humor? Three race meetings are listed on clubhouse tax passes this year. One, starting in the spring, is called the spring

continued

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### SCORECARD continued

meeting. Another, run in the fall, is called the fall meeting. And the third, which ran from Jan. 3 through last week—except for the day when there were 12½ inches of s-n-o-w on the all-weather track—was called the early meeting.

#### ONE FOR NONE

The beefs by coaches about basketball officiating seem to be even louder, cruder and more numerous this season, but a few coaches are doing something besides being querulous. Michigan State's John Benington and Ohio State's Fred Taylor have been experimenting with three officials in freshman games. Although it isn't a new idea—Brooklyn College and Queens College tried it around 1948—Benington and Taylor gave it a new twist. They anchored one official at each baseline, the theory being to counteract the fast break. As Taylor explains: "I don't care who the official is or how young he is, he can't keep up with the kids on the fast break."

And at LSU, Coach Press Maravich said the major conferences should hire officials who would be qualified to work all sports on a yearly basis, rather than paying them about \$100 a game and mileage, as is current practice.

Said Maravich: "Officiating should be developed into a career, with a college degree required."

But Taylor may have come up with the best solution of all. "I'd honestly like to try a game without any officials," he said. "We don't have anything to lose, and I think it might make for more interesting basketball, because the kids are basically honest. Oh, we might have to have somebody throw it up for a jump ball occasionally, but really, I think it would be a heck of a lot better game than what we've been having."

#### PENNY-WISE

Last week the Cincinnati Board of Education ordered the elimination, as of June, of interscholastic sports in the city's eight senior and 17 junior public high schools, which have a combined enrollment of over 32,000. The board's hand was forced when property owners in traditionally conservative Cincinnati, fed up with recently spiraling school budgets, twice rejected a 4.8-mill school-operations levy, thereby aligning themselves with the illiberal citizens of the fair city of Oakland (SL, June 27, 1986 *et seq.*). Incidentally, sports is but one

# Cutty Sark

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of 29 programs which have had to be curtailed or eliminated, for example, kindergarten has been abolished.

According to Ohio law, high school coaches must also be full-time teachers. For working with a team after classes, a head football coach gets an extra \$600 a year, a head basketball coach, \$400, and, in part, it is this money that will be cut off at the end of the school year. One of the 112 coaches involved has figured that he makes \$9c an hour coaching, but teachers' salaries being what they are, every hour helps.

Cincinnati Chief of Police Jake Schott has expressed concern about a possible rise in juvenile delinquency without the outlet provided by sports: school officials are worried about morale; high school athletes are wondering whether they'll be able to get grants-in-aid, and Joel S. Freedman, a Cincinnati ad man, is doing something about it. He has started a drive called Adopt-A-Couch, so the coaches can get paid. Freedman hopes to raise \$21,000 for 1967, another \$80,000 for 1968. At week's end, \$15,000 had been subscribed or pledged.

Somewhat paradoxically, Cincinnati is forging ahead with its \$35.6 million stadium—the future home of the Reds and, probably, an AFL team. The stadium will be financed by revenue bonds tendered by the county and guaranteed by the city, so the property owners won't have to pay a mill—unless, of course, the stadium shows a deficit.

#### CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

One evening last month, the masters of St. Paul's School of Concord, N.H., were playing basketball against the inmates of the New Hampshire State Prison. Apparently the convicts didn't want to hurry back to their cells, for each quarter was longer than the one preceding it. After nearly two hours the score was 122-104 in favor of the Master Players, as the St. Paul team is called. At this point, one of the masters shouted to the prisoner running the clock: "Hey, buddy, how much time y'got left?" The prisoner's reply: "Three years."

#### FREE BOOTER

The Dallas Cowboys recently announced that they are going to hold tryout camps for kickers in more than 20 cities in hopes of coming up with a free agent.

If they had tuned in KPIX, in San Francisco one night last week they might

continued

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### SCORECARD *continued*

have saved themselves a lot of trouble. The Oakland Raiders did, and as a consequence signed Ron Chesterton, 31, of San Anselmo, Calif., who services business machines for the Bank of America and has never attended a professional football game.

Chesterton played soccer for West Ham United before he came here from England in 1960. He had written all the pro teams for a chance to show his stuff, but got nowhere until Frank Dill, a KPIX sportscaster, filmed him in action. Dill then called the 49ers and the Raiders, telling them to watch his 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. shows, on which he ran the film of Chesterton booting field goals from the 35- to the 45-yard line with either foot. Chesterton hit 75% with his right, 50% with his left and believes he can do even better. "I was a little nervous," he said.

### EARLY RISERS

There's a basketball team in Houston that starts a 6' 8" center, 6' 6" and 6' 5" forwards and two 6' 1" guards, which ordinarily wouldn't be exceptional nowadays—except the team is E. O. Smith Junior High.

### KNOTTY PROBLEM

A reverent hush fell over the crowd attending a soccer game in Bulgaria recently when, following the referee's example, the linemen and both teams dropped to one knee, although the fans had no idea who was being honored with a minute of silence. The linemen and players were equally perplexed, as was the referee, when he lifted his bowed head after tying his shoelace.

### THEY SAID IT

• Willis Casey, North Carolina State swimming coach: "Swimming is the toughest sport to get in shape for. You hear a lot of talk about conditioning in football and basketball. They're not in condition, not even 20%." Basketball players are even worse. Baseball is the worst-conditioned sport in the world."

• Fordy Anderson, now coaching at Hiram Scott College in Scottsbluff, Neb., after 19 years in big-time basketball, on the facilities for visiting teams in his league: "One night we were given dressing quarters with only one shower. I told the team the high scorer would get the first shower. Nobody would pass the ball, so I had to call time and say, 'Look, boys, I was only kidding.'"

END



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pact in its class. Sports Car Graphic Magazine described the Volvo engine as "one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today." Which means it's an engine that can withstand the abuse of man as well as the rest of the car can withstand the abuse of nature.

So you see, Volvos are not only stronger than dirt.

They're stronger than humans, even.



# SHADES OF SILKY!

*Coming from nowhere in a style reminiscent of Silky Sullivan, the Flamingo and Santa Anita Derby winners notably enliven the 3-year-old scene. Now Churchill Downs should be a contest* **by WHITNEY TOWER**

During two months of winter racing at Hialeah and Santa Anita, horsemen had wandered about with long faces, unable to pick out any 3-year-olds worth getting excited about. But last week, in one 24-hour period, smiles sprouted on both coasts. "Kentucky, here we come!" echoed through the bars and the racing year seemed back in stylish order.

On Friday at Hialeah, Reflected Glory won a significant victory in the 38th Flamingo, beating In Reality by three and a quarter lengths, pulling away. The following afternoon Ruken captured the 30th Santa Anita Derby by a length and a half over Tumble Wind. Both winter semi-classes leading to the Kentucky Derby are at the reasonably challenging distance of a mile and an eighth, both are at level weights (122 pounds in the Flamingo, 118 in the Santa Anita Derby) and their winners are worthy rivals to such unraced 3-year-olds as Successor, Dr. Fager, Great Power and Damascus.

Racing enthusiasts have been waiting all winter for a contest like the Flamingo, and when it finally came—on a fast track—it was worth the wait. It proved beyond doubt that Reflected Glory is a mighty good colt and may even be a top one. Hirsch Jacobs, who has trained more winners than any other man in the business, wasn't sure himself of Reflected Glory's potential until Flamingo day.

"When he won the Bahamas over Bold Hour we didn't know quite what to think," said Jacobs, who trains the son of Jester for his wife, Ethel. "The next time, when he came from last place to win the Everglades [SI, March 6], we thought it might be a fluke. But today, after the Flamingo, we're sure he's a real runner. In fact, he might be something special."

The Flamingo, at any rate, was something special, a thriller that brought back memories of some famous and titillating come-from-behind victories. Reflected Glory is a real come-from-behinder, the kind of colt that induces palpitations in his backers and agony in his rivals. He is going to be a big favorite from now on.

Until last week, however, Jacobs held to the belief that stablemate Reason to Hail was the better horse. "He had more early speed if he wanted to use it," said Jacobs, "but he had very bad luck in his last two races. People think I tell the jock to take Reflected Glory back for the early part of his races. Shucks, I wouldn't tell a jock that. This colt simply drops out of it by himself. He literally runs his own race."

The race that Reflected Glory usually runs is simple enough. He lets everything get away from him until the field reaches the half-mile pole. Then he starts to circle the crowd in front of him, losing

length after length as he takes the long way around. Soon he is in the middle of the racetrack, bearing down on the leaders, and—in his last three races, anyway—he was going away. In the Flamingo it was In Reality, as expected, who rushed to the lead, with Wheatley Stable's Bold Monarch never giving him a breather. This did not bother Reflected Glory or his Panamanian jockey, Jorge Velasquez, in the least. As the front-running pair duelled each other out of contention, Velasquez dawdled along behind like a boy timidly hacking on the family's old hunter.

Not since the days of Silky Sullivan has a contender been such a loafer. At the seven-eighths pole Reflected Glory was 20½ lengths behind In Reality. A quarter of a mile later he trailed by 18½. With only three furlongs to go, he was 12 lengths out of it, but that's where this brilliant runner showed his stuff. From the three-eighths pole to the eighth pole Reflected Glory roared off a quarter in a phenomenal 23 2/5, making up 10 lengths. With a furlong to go, he was still two lengths behind. But he and Velasquez rolled on, always on the outside. They caught In Reality at the 16th pole, and in the last 110 yards they opened up three lengths. Nothing had challenged them, and nothing was about to.

In Reality, although bothered repeatedly by Bold Monarch through the

*continued*

*More than 10 lengths behind in the early running of the Flamingo, Reflected Glory was three lengths ahead and pulling away at the end (right).*





stretch, hung on to take second by a nose, and you had to go another four lengths back of Bold Monarch to find the rest of the field. Thanks to Reflected Glory's excellent final three-eighths in 36 2/5, his winning time was 1:48 3/5—nothing compared to Bold Ruler's 1:47 Flamingo track record of 10 years ago but still faster than the winning times of Buckpasser, Native Charger, Never Bend, Carry Back, Tim Tam, Needles, Nashua and Citation. Reflected Glory may never be as good as any of those champions, but he has the breeding. A half brother to Isle of Greece, he is by Jersey, a son of the mighty Tom Fool, and his dam is Lysistrata, a daughter of Jacobs' Palestinian, who finished third to Ponder and Capot in the 1949 Kentucky Derby. "He's improving all the time," said his trainer after the Flamingo. "If we had a week between this race and the Santa Anita Derby I'd have flown him out there for it. Now we'll stay in Florida and go for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on April 1, and then to Aqueduct for the Gotham and the Wood Memorial before going to Kentucky."

While Reflected Glory's triumph was apparently more impressive than Ruken's the next day, one factor remains in doubt: the quality of Reflected Glory's competition in the Flamingo. In any case, we must await the Gotham or the Wood and the challenge from Successor, Great Power, Dr. Fager and Damascus. Aqueduct in April may be cold, but those 3-year-old races won't be dreary.

The Derby at Santa Anita was run very much like the Flamingo. Both winning jockeys, Velazquez and Fernando Alvarez, got most of their riding experience in Panama (although 29-year-old Alvarez is a native of Santiago, Chile), and both races were won by colts who came from way back after a good pace had been set for them by speed horses. At Santa Anita the pace was provided by the San Felipe winner, Rising Market, as well as by Disciplinarian and Tumble Wind, none of whom had shown that a distance race was his forte. Ruken, on the other hand, always had the look about him of a colt who might relish a

distance, and he probably would have won the San Felipe if he had not been embroiled in traffic trouble a 16th of a mile from the finish. As it was, he was beaten only a nose by Rising Market.

Whereas Reflected Glory is a Kentucky-bred, Ruken has California written all over his pedigree. He is by Nashville, son of Nasrullah and a winner himself over the likes of Bold Ruler and Iron Liege, out of the Your Host mare Thank You Ma'm. His trainer is Clyde Turk, a jockey from 1929 to 1946 and a successful California trainer ever since, and Ruken's owner is 55-year-old Los Angeles Insurance Executive Lou Rowan. A keen and serious horseman, once a five-goal polo player and president of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association, Rowan has done as much as anyone to stimulate progress in the sport in that state. He won a Santa Anita Maturity with Spinney and the 1965 Del Mar Futurity with Coursing.

A few years ago Rowan's Arizona friend, J. Rukin Jelks, visited his 2,000-acre ranch at Lemoore in the San Joaquin Valley, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Rowan's mare Thank You Ma'm was suffering during the delivery of a foal that died, and Lou was so grateful for his friend's baby-sitting job that he said to Jelks, "If this mare ever has another colt I'll name him after you." The mare was bred to Nashville, who is now standing at Desi Arnaz' Corona Farm, and a fine-looking brown colt was the result. "But then I gunned things up," said Rowan last week, "by my own carelessness. I had been spelling Rukin's name wrong for 20 years, and I spelled it wrong again—Ruken—in the application for the colt's name."

Ruken or Rukin, he knows his way around a racetrack. Last season he won three of eight races, including the Del Mar Futurity. In four races prior to the Derby this year he had always been in the money; in fact, he had won over the grass by five lengths before his hard-luck San Felipe. "The standout thing about him," says Rowan, "is that he's so handy. He has perfect action, a perfect disposition, and is the easiest horse in the world to rate."

Before the Derby, Trainer Turk drew

Jockey Alvarez to one side in the walking ring and set the strategy: "Just don't be too far out of it at the half-mile pole. The rest will be easy." It wasn't quite as easy as that, for despite Alvarez' skill at following instructions and at rating Ruken it required a certain amount of luck to get the job done. Alvarez lingered in eighth place and then in fifth behind the early pace before deciding it was time to move at the three-eighths pole. Like a goldfish wiggling for a breadcrumb, Ruken wove a perilous path, first inside, then between horses and finally to the outside. There he wore down Tumble Wind and Rising Market in the stretch, and was drawing away at the wire. Tumble Wind had a length and a half on Sand Devil, while his stablemate Rimal (a full brother to Drin) took fourth in front of Rising Market. Behind them came Top Bid, Serve Notice, Dr. Isby, Field Master, Beau Alibi, Out of Focus, a tired Disciplinarian and Haberdasher. On a track that may have been a bit dull after some early-morning rain the time of 1:49 4/5 was respectable. "From the half-mile pole, where I saw him passing horses with such ease, I knew we'd win," said Turk. "We were lucky to be able to weave through that field with no trouble," Alvarez admitted.

It now appears certain that Ruken and Tumble Wind will be heading for the Kentucky Derby. The latter ran a good race, although he hasn't convinced many that he really wants to go a distance. He was used a bit early to gain position last week, and with different tactics he might demonstrate more staying power. It is hard to believe that any of the others, unsuccessful as they were at nine furlongs, will improve at 10. Ruken's road to Churchill Downs will be via races at Golden Gate, Oaklawn (the Arkansas Derby) or Keeneland, but, barring mishap, he will make it, along with Owner Rowan, Trainer Turk and Jockey Alvarez. None of the three has ever participated in a Kentucky Derby. For that matter, Hirsch Jacobs has never won a Derby either, though he was third with Palestinian and has started five other also-rans. The only consistency here seems to be in Lou Rowan's misspelling of J. Rukin Jelks. Oops. **END**

*Out in the middle of the track (top) Ruken challenged the leaders in the Santa Anita stretch, then easily drew ahead of Tumble Wind at the wire.*

# DOUG TAMES A PINK PUSSYCAT

*The Doral Open was won by Doug Sanders on a course called the Blue Monster, but it was the sponsors who were blue when the PGA moved up the tee markers, the wind died and the monster purred* **by MARK MULVOY**

With monkeys scrambling around on an island near the 10th tee, coots walking on water and golfers fishing for bass alongside the same greens that some of them had three-putted earlier in the day, the Doral Open, which was held last week in Miami, did not seem like a \$100,000 golf tournament.

Nothing, in fact, seemed real in the absolute splendor of the Doral Country Club and Hotel out on the edge of the Everglades. Not the hotel guests who thought they should be able to practice their putting on the same green with Jack Nicklaus. Not the two ladies from Michigan who wore high heels as they marched in Arnie's Army. And not the daily fashion and health advisories on

Doug Sanders, who turned out to be as well documented a winner as a tournament ever had. "Wearing white shirt, white gloves and white shoes, with purple slacks and orchid socks," announced Doral's press agents on one day of play, "Doug carried a blue tee behind his ear. Walking toward his second shot, he applied suntan lotion to his face. After wiping his hands on a towel, he picked up some sand to eliminate the grease from the suntan lotion."

Certainly the golf course did not seem real—and it wasn't. The people who run Doral like to say that the Blue Monster, one of the four courses on the Doral property and the site of the tournament, measures slightly more than 7,000 yards.

However, after Jack Tuthill, the tournament director of the PGA, had finished positioning the tee markers and pins each day, the course was no longer than 6,700 yards. "They're playing from the ladies' tees," said Jack Nicklaus, who, coincidentally, happened to use a driver borrowed from Mrs. Alice Dye, a Curtis Cup player, during the opening round.

Doral is an unusual event on the tour in that it is one of only two tournaments sponsored solely by a hotel-golf club. There are 63 golf holes, nine buildings and 506 guest rooms on the 2,400-acre complex now, and Alfred Kaskel, the slight, elderly man who owns Doral (named after his wife, Dora, and himself, Al) plus some 35 apartment houses in



*A formal garden inspired by a visit to Versailles decorates the route from the clubhouse veranda to the putting green at wondrous Doral.*



New York City and three other hotels on Miami Beach, envisions a Doral City someday.

He bought the Doral property in the late 1950s and immediately started to build a golf course. That was the Blue Monster. Then came the Green Hornet, the Red Tiger and the White Wonder, as well as plans for two more courses. "These were delayed because money was tight last year," Kaskel says, but presumably guests who pay at least \$42 a day for rooms and have breakfast in the Gazebo, lunch in the Zaragoza and a drink in the Staggethush will remedy all that.

Kaskel may think financially about his hotel, but he thinks only esthetically about his golf courses, a fact that concerns his associates, who still are not used to his expensive whims. One day he was walking on the clubhouse veranda and thought to himself that there was too much of an expanse of naked grass out front, so he ordered installation of a rock garden similar to one he had seen in Versailles. A few months later he went out to inspect the garden, and was horrified because a wall was too high. He personally took a bulldozer, knocked the wall down and ordered the whole garden rebuilt. "Now it takes one caretaker six hours a day to keep the garden trim," says an associate. "But Mr. Kaskel doesn't care. What he wants, he gets."

Another day Kaskel and Doral's course superintendent, Jim Yancey, whose brother Bert plays on the pro tour, were riding around the course when Kaskel said he did not like a particular bridge and ordered it replaced. "He told us to use mahogany—nothing else," says Yancey. "Can you imagine a mahogany bridge? We have one."

With all of this concern about the golf courses, Kaskel and Frank Strafaci, the director of the Doral tournament, were predictably irritated last week when Tuthill and the PGA turned the Blue Monster into a Pink Pussycat. The tradition has always been to toughen Doral. In 1962, for example, a 283 by Billy Casper was good enough to win. During the pro-am before the Doral one year, Kaskel noticed that the pros were saving some 75 yards on the dogleg 16th hole by driving over the edge of a lake. That night he ordered his men to plant eight coconut palm trees that would force the pros to play the hole honestly.

The next day George Bayer, one of the longer hitters, looked out at the palms in bewilderment and asked his caddy, "Those trees weren't here yesterday, were they?" "Things grow pretty fast down here, sir," answered the boy.

"The way the PGA set the course this year was an injustice to Dick Wilson, the architect," says Strafaci. "The PGA operates on the theory that lower scores mean a better crowd. But I think the hacker likes to see higher scores because it makes him feel better. We have 87 traps on this course and water on eight holes, but the majority of the hazards are not coming into play because the course is playing so short."

Tuthill, however, dismissed the complaints diplomatically. "Nicklaus gave me the needle about playing from the ladies' tees," he said. "But I'm not going to make a course particularly long just for him, and I'm not going to make it particularly short for the short hitters. I want balance for 18 holes. Why, the 4th hole was totally unfair the way they wanted to play it."

When the Blue Monster was constructed, the 4th hole was a fairly long par-3 with a single-level green, a single tee, two bunkers and a lake along the right side. Kaskel thought the hole was too easy, so he ordered some changes and supervised them himself. Now the hole has a double-level green, a triple-level tee, six traps, a canal to the left and the same lake along the right. It is some 225 yards from the back tee. "I just would not put the markers way back on that hole, that's all," said Tuthill. "Ben Hogan once couldn't reach the green from back there with his driver. A par-3 is for the medium irons, for accuracy. And that is the way I set it up."

The play of the pros at Doral seemed to bear out the complaints of Kaskel and Strafaci, though the golfers were not joining Nicklaus in protesting the conditions. Tommy Aaron, the leader at the end of three days with a 10-under-par 203, confessed that he used a driver and a five-iron to reach a hole listed on the scorecard at 470 yards, but then said: "No, no. The course isn't too short at all." And Billy Farrell only smiled after getting to the 533-yard first hole with a wood and a five-iron.

Finally, on Sunday, the wind rose to 20 miles per hour, the tee markers were set back, the pins were placed in the most difficult possible positions, and the gal-

lery got to see the kind of golf that it has in the past at Doral.

Aaron, who is earning a reputation as one of the most unfortunate last-round players the tour has known, was leading after eight holes, but on the 9th, a par-3, he hit a shot into the edge of a lake, suffered an unusual penalty for grounding his club in a water hazard and ended up with a quadruple-bogey 7.

With that Doug Sanders—turned out in a more or less stretch-suit ensemble of shamrock green and white—moved into a tie for the lead with Nicklaus. A birdie on 11 put him two strokes up, and not even a bogey-bogey finish endangered his chances at the \$20,000 first money.

Sanders, as apt a winner as a gaudy Miami tournament could have, finished with a 9-under-par 275. The total was not as low as it might have been, thanks to the stern conditions on Sunday, but this will still be remembered as the year Doral, the only course on the tour with a monkey island, was made a monkey of by the pros.

THE



Golf-minded boss Kaskel is the Al of Doral.

# CRYSTAL AND STEEL ON THE ICE

*Peggy Fleming, an 18-year-old beauty from Colorado Springs who looks as fragile as a Viennese chandelier, waited her way with skilful ease to her second world figure-skating championship* **by BOB OTTUM**

Vienna is the birthplace of both figure skating and psychoanalysis, which may be the greatest natural parlay in sports, since figure skaters are slightly goofy athletes. To become a world champion a skater must have the grace of a matador and the constitution of a bull and maybe a little bit of the footwork of both. The thing that bugs skaters most is that unbelievers think it is easy. "We don't fit around on our toes like a bunch of Tinker Bells, you know," says American Gary Visconti, who weighs 120 pounds and is built like a Volkswagen shock absorber. "This is a tough sport." Tough is right. Especially when you consider that as a final gesture to this wonderful insanity they do it all to music.

The best skaters in the world—the last 118 who could still wobble after several months of regional shakedown in 16 countries—came to Vienna last week for the 1967 world championships, the slippery World Series. Only the 18 toughest made it through Saturday night to get awards. Two high-winged Austrians swept the men's freestyle event. Vienna's world champion Emmerich Danzer, who is 22 and looks like a Princeton undergraduate, had the courage to 1) show up in a purple stretch suit, and 2) come from behind teammate Wolfgang Schwarz to keep his title.

Michigan's gutsy little Visconti was even farther back, in fifth spot going into the finals. "But you know me," he said. "Me, I'm going to give them the works." And so saying, he pulled himself up to his full 5 feet 3 inches and blasted through his routine. He tried two triple jumps and actually survived one of them. It won the bronze medal, an armload of flowers and enough adulation to run for mayor.

Those eternal Russian students, 34-year-old Oleg Protopopov and his 31-year-old wife, Ludmila Belousova, won

the pairs competition. Again. There is every indication they will have a longer run than Sarah Bernhardt.

Great Britain's dance champions, Bernard Ford and Diane Towler, won the dance title—which is not exactly a newsworthy event in the world of sport except that they worked the theme from *Zorba the Greek* into their act and you should try that on skates some time.

And, in the grand finale, America's Peggy Fleming leaped into a double Axel, landed smartly on her shocking pink pants, got up and won her second world championship.

It was a dizzy week for Austria, with enough research material to keep the Freud students busy for another year. In Vienna, where the air is still thick with waltz music, the Danube still flows and the Vienna Woods have survived the subdividers, everybody is a patsy for figure skaters. Vienna drew the world championships because the Vienna skating club is 100 years old this year. The Austrians are rich in skating history: they began doing fancy stuff on ice about the time Americans began using ice to cool beer. During the Civil War a visiting American dancing master named Jackson Haines cut a few fancy turns on ice, called everybody in to take a look at them and figure skating was born. In the years since, the Austrians have won 32 world championships, and those upstairs, the Americans, have won 23. With each year the competition has grown tougher.

World skating championships start out deceptively slowly, tightening each skater down a psychological turn at a time. By the time of the finals they stand around the edge of the rink with the veins throbbing in their foreheads, shaking as if seized with the flu. It is as if the idea is to determine who shows the most grace under pressure. Anybody who cracks has to turn in his skates. The

free skating is the ninth inning, the good part, where the skater gets a few minutes alone on the ice, with a scratchy tape recorder in the background playing something like *Intermezzo*, to show the crowd his real stuff.

Somewhere back in the Jackson Haines era someone inserted compulsory school figures into the rules. This means that skaters have to go through intricate maneuvers in front of a panel of nine judges wearing lumpy coats and insulated boots. The idea is to prove that each contestant knows his ABC's of skating and can pull off something like a left-outside rocker and right-forward paragraph double three and still keep his cool.

The scoring is a morass of technicalities, but the only thing you have to know is that the skaters must cut a pattern on the ice, and trace it precisely three times with each skate. Afterwards, the judges gather around and look at the pattern and shake their heads and sneer openly. Some of them get down on their hands and knees and whisk at the ice with little brooms. Then they all stand up and vote. The high and low votes are discarded, things like ordinal points are figured in, everybody argues a lot and accuses everybody else of nationalism, and somehow the skaters are ranked.

This form of mild torture takes up most of the week while the town gets ready for the main event. There is a crisis on the hour every hour, building up to one of the most beautiful contests in all of sport, the women's free-skating finals.

Girl watching in general, and Peggy watching in particular, is one of the more rewarding aspects of figure skating.

*continued*

*In free-skating routine Peggy flowed from jumps to spiraling turns with delicate grace.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB E. ZIMMERMAN





ing. Most girl figure skaters wear bruises on their hips, little swirly skirts and goose pimples. Not Peggy Fleming. She is the one without the bruises. She is 18 years old, four times U.S. figure skating champion and reigning world champion. She doubles as the hockey coach of the Colorado College Phi Delta Theta Red Barons. They do not play hockey very well ("They don't even skate very well, but I love them," she said). The Red Barons lost last week 6-1, and someone ratted on them by writing the coach in Vienna.

It doesn't matter. The coach is the best skater in the world and easily the prettiest. They sighed as she stepped out to skate. After her first few figures Vienna's *Die Presse* called her "the fragile skater" and *Express* said she was "America's shy Bambi." Both went a little wild about her gracious moves and gestures with the fingertips.

Most girl figure skaters have a distressing tendency to suffer from what could best be called linebacker leg, all the better to lift them in soaring leaps off the ice. Peggy, 5 feet 4 in 108 well-distributed pounds, is the sort of girl, to hear Austrian experts tell it, who could change the pattern of figure skating in years ahead. Peggy is the only world-class skater who swings gently into a turn, picking up momentum by arching her body rather than stroking off powerfully with a leg.

"She has always been good," said her coach, Carlo Fassi, standing on the sidelines and trying to keep his voice from rising hysterically. "But we have to care tenderly for Peggy to keep her from getting tired. I think these other skaters sometimes practice too much, that is, practice all out. I don't think that Kansas boy Ryan runs an all-out effort every day. You train too much, it gets you nothing but big legs."

And the fragile Bambi swung gently through her compulsory figures, looking every moment as if she would shatter into pieces of shining crystal. She racked up 1,223.4 points, plus a perfect score of nine ordinals, a milestone in figure skating history, and had anything but a fragile grip on the championship. Her closest rival was 69 points behind.

Then, when the Austrians weren't looking, the fragile Peggy calmly at-

tacked a Colorado-size lunch; when dessert came, she sat staring happily into the depths of a piece of chocolate cake, building a mountain of whipped cream on top of it with her spoon.

"It makes you feel good to be the champion," she said. More whipped cream and the mountain got higher. "I like the feeling very much. Sometimes, when I am practicing my freestyle routine off in a corner, I can see the other girls sort of watching me. I don't try to keep any secrets from them, I know they are planning to work some of my things into their routines. But the original is always best, don't you think?" More whipped cream and the mountain began to teeter on top as though it would collapse in a splash of calories.

"There are two schools of thought in skating," she said. "One is the almost balletlike approach. That is, where the movements are more graceful and everything blends in smoothly as you flow across the ice. The other is more directly athletic. It is more traditional, it is almost what you would call the 'Ice Follies' concept. I try to combine a bit of both, but most of the emphasis is on the ballet approach. It works better for me."

It works indeed. Peggy began to attack the chocolate cake. "I got up to 112 pounds once," she volunteered, looking over the top of the whipped cream while the cafe owner hovered nearby anxiously, "but it didn't last."

"This is really a hard sort of life. It is a lot of traveling and training and work and appearances. Right now I love it, of course, and I really look forward to the Olympics. But after that—I don't know. People keep asking me will I turn professional? Will I continue as an amateur? Gee, I really look forward to leading a life of my own, a kind of other life. I don't think I will skate in competition too much longer."

She finished the cake. Then she went off to the Spanish Riding School to see the famous Lipizzan horses and feed them handfuls of sugar. When she returned to the hotel, Coach Fassi was near collapse. "You may practice for only 15 minutes," he said, "and then off to bed for a long nap."

Peggy's Vienna rival, 18-year-old European champion Gabriele Seyfert of East Germany, stood watching the freestyle skating finals at rinkside the next day. "Peggy," she said, "has no weaknesses."

I am the more athletic type but I am trying to overcome that. The ideal thing would be to skate as Peggy does, which is softly, and then connect it with the high jumps between."

In a flash of pink jersey, with Tchaikovsky's *Pavlovna* in the background, Peggy swirled onto the ice. There was one moment of Bamblike perfection and then a moment that later brought out a touch of the hockey coach.

"Well, gee," Peggy said. "I got a little behind my music and I was trying to catch up. And I got a little too close to the wall."

In that moment, coming down gracefully from a double Axel, Coach Fleming was on the seat of her pants, skidding shockingly toward the wall, the palms of her hands against the ice, while the audience was in sympathy. But by the time the music had shifted to *Traviata*, then *Samson and Delilah* and *Thieving Magpie*, she was back into the fluid, swinging routine.

Technically, it was two double toe loops, double flip, double Axel, some waltz jumps blended into a flying camel, with all that blended into a double Lutz. But never mind the technicalities. It was a dazzling picture of pink on ice and skating's most graceful show. Where the others had bounded to the attack, Peggy flowed into the jumps. It made all the difference.

When the judges shuffled out, she had it sewed up: a total of 2,273.4 points. East Germany's Gabriele Seyfert was next, with 2,179.4, and Hana Maskova, the leggiest, lovehest Czech in the world, was third, with 2,151.2. In seventh and eighth places were Americans Albertina Noyes and Jennie Walsh.

"I would like," said Peggy, looking very breakable under the weight of the gold medal, "to go out and do the whole thing over again and do it right."

Members of the European press nodded thoughtfully at that. They loomed up large and beaklike all around her. "I'm really hungry," she whispered to an American standing nearby. "I had a club sandwich for dinner about 6 o'clock and now I get to have some dessert."

Then someone inquired how such a tender girl managed to get such vast power and motion into her leaps over the ice.

The coach of Colorado's Red Barons smiled faintly and said a fragile thing. "Inner guts," she said. **END**

After her success in school figures Peggy took time out to visit Vienna's Lipizzan horses.

# STALLBALL—A GAME TO SLEEP BY

*Every few years a basketball coach decides to play hide-and-seek, and the opposition doesn't seek. Spectators demand refunds, and the cry goes up for a pro-type 24-second clock to compel action* by JOE JARES

When UCLA and USC compete in anything more explosive than shuffleboard it is usually only tempers that are held (with difficulty). But last month, in a basketball game before 14,417 at the L.A. Sports Arena, it was the ball that was held, while the tethers on tempers snapped.

Undefeated UCLA had a lot going for it in that game. It ranked first in both wire-service polls, and it had the ultimate weapon in Lew Alcindor. All season long its beautiful new Pauley Pavilion had been sold out, but now the unlucky multitudes who had only been able to watch the Bruins on TV could see Lew and his adroit teammates in person against cross-town rival USC, which already had been beaten twice by UCLA. Everything pointed toward a gala evening, until Trojan Coach Bob Boyd decided his players were not going to be the hors d'oeuvres. They went into a game-long stall, did not shoot for as much as two or three minutes at a stretch, led 17-14 at half time and forced the probable national champions into overtime before losing 40-35.

Matty spectators, who had paid up to \$3.50 to get their only in-the-flesh look at Big Lew (and saw him stand around looking bored, or occasionally bend down, with legs straight, and touch his palms to the floor), screamed for their money back. Coach Boyd was cursed loudly, and a police escort after the game did not prevent him from being spat upon. The Great Stall Debate, somewhat dormant since the college days of Wilt Chamberlain, was on again.

In the UCLA dressing room Coach John Wooden was asked if he thought other opponents would try stalling. "Yes," he said, "but I don't think most coaches will try it. Too many coaches think too much of basketball to do it." Although Wooden insisted he did not mean it that way, it sounded like a knock on Boyd.

At the following Monday's basketball writers' luncheon, USC Athletic Director Jess Hill followed Wooden to the

podium. "There's a certain amount of accusation that he [Boyd] doesn't think that much of basketball," said the irate Hill. "I've known Bob Boyd for a long time, and he has character, integrity and complete love of basketball. . . . Bob had my support in everything he did. Any team that attempts to run against UCLA is doomed for devastation. You learn by experience. I don't see much difference in stalling in the last four minutes of the game—all coaches do it—or at the beginning."

Oregon Coach Steve Belko, usually a fast-break exponent, did not want to be devastated, either. When the Bruins came to Eugene two weeks later the Ducks refused to shoot unless they had safe-conduct passes to the basket. UCLA had an 18-14 lead at half time, and Wooden, with his athletic director's permission, decided to fight lack of fire with lack of fire. For the first time that he could remember in 32 seasons of coaching (either than end-of-game situations), he ordered his team into a stall, and the contest became as exciting as a nap in the sun. More than nine minutes went by without a shot fired in anger or any other way. The game finally lived up with about five minutes to go, and UCLA won 34-25. Big Lew scored 12 points, his lowest total of the season.

UCLA has not been the only target of the stall, which goes under such aliases as slowdown, control ball, freeze, letting the air out of the ball, modified slowdown, delay game, conservative style, disciplined offense and, classiest of all, deliberate and selective attack. Disgusted run-and-gunners might add beachball, stallball, keepaway or hide-and-seek. Anyway, Princeton, a tall, hot-shooting power in the East, has faced it twice. Early in the season Princeton beat Dartmouth by 74 points, so the Indians stalled in their second encounter, hoping to be within striking distance at the end. They lost by only 14, which was progress of a sort. Last week Penn tried a freeze and was only one point behind, with 1:04 left, when Princeton pulled

away and clinched the Ivy League title 25-16. Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond, a frequent staller, benched his second-leading scorer for one game, because the player had told newspapermen that stalling hurt his chances to play pro ball.

The stall is far from a new phenomenon. Back in 1932 USC held the ball for the last 15 minutes of the first half against UCLA as the Bruin band played a funeral dirge, fans threw pennies and peanut shells on the floor and Trojan star Jerry Nemer calmly read a newspaper. The second half was a relatively normal basketball contest, and UCLA won 19-17, which does not say much for shooting abilities in those days. That same year Kansas clogged up a Missouri star's favorite shooting area, so the Tigers retreated to their backcourt and sulked. The two teams casually stood around at either end of the court. Finally four Missouri players sat down and four Kansas players did the same, leaving one Jayhawk standing watch. "Phog Allen loved the game too much to continue the travesty, and we went after them in the second half," a Kansas player remembered. "Missouri won 26-22." Those two 1932 games were instrumental in getting a rule passed, beginning the next season, that the ball must be brought across the half-court line within 10 seconds.

Even the pros have had stalls. Western Kentucky Coach Johnny Oldham played for the Fort Wayne Pistons in 1951, the year they dillydallied at Minneapolis and beat the mighty Lakers 19-18. "But we had to fight our way to the dressing rooms after that game," he said. "I was the high scorer with five points, and I got taken out of the game by the coach because I took a 15-footer. Even though I hit the shot, I was told that it was too far. . . . We played the stall because we maintained that Minneapolis was using an illegal zone defense."

Soon after that, the National Basketball Association ruled that the offensive team must take a shot within 24 seconds or lose possession of the ball, and the league installed easily visible, neon-num-

eral clocks to tick off the precious time. College coaches who want to put some antifreeze into the NCAA basketball rules are now in favor of a clock, too, although not necessarily for the same time period that the pros use. "We need rules that will prevent inaction more than anything else," said UCLA's Wooden, who indicated he favors a 30-second clock. But he added that any such rule change probably would not be passed while Alcindor is at UCLA. He was no doubt correct. Rules are passed to handicapped basketball's giants, not to aid them.

No other college coach has anyone as tall or as effective as Alcindor, yet Wooden is not alone in wanting a clock (one set for 30 seconds already is required in international amateur play). Kentucky's Adolph Rupp does, too, but "only after a team has made no attempt

to score within one minute. And the clock should stay in effect only until the last three minutes. That would give a team a chance to protect its lead." Oldham of Western Kentucky agrees. Surprisingly, slowdown artist Lou Henson of New Mexico State wants to be a clock watcher, too. "We've been holding the ball a lot this year because we're so small, and maybe you'd expect me to favor the stall," he said. "But actually I don't. We're trying to make a favorable impression on the public, and I don't believe fans enjoy a slow game. We believe it's up to us to get the boys to compete."

"I'm certain some coaches use the stall merely to keep the margin respectable," said Fred Taylor of Ohio State, another advocate of the 30-second clock. "They know, going into certain games,

that they have little or no chance to win, and they further know that if they get into a baseline-to-baseline chase they'll get run out of the place."

The roster of coaches who favor some sort of clock also includes Vic Bubas of Duke, Ray Mears of Tennessee, Roy Skinner of Vanderbilt and Ken Norton of Manhattan. But for the present, at least, they will have to depend on their own wristwatches. The stall will stay—or at least be available. A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED survey of officials, coaches and ex-coaches showed that there is overwhelming antipathy toward any sort of time limit on freezing the ball. There were 15 for some type of clock, seven undecided and more than 60 against. "I'm the area representative on the rules committee for coaches," said Villanova's Jack Kraft, "and I can tell you

continued

*The coach lets the air out of the ball, cobwebs begin to form around the baskets, players catch up on their press notices—this is a sport!*



now that of the 130 or so schools in the area there was only one coach who suggested a time limit."

One reason is that stall games are relatively rare, and most coaches feel their shooters are too quick on the trigger already. Dr. Edward Stetiz, athletic director at Springfield College and top researcher for NCAA basketball coaches, has statistics going back to 1956, which show that at the college level the ball has changed hands within 10 seconds (back-court and front-court, shots and turnovers) 94.3% of the time. Within 30 seconds the ball has changed hands 99.68% of the time. "Change without research is fallacious," said Dr. Stetiz. "Our figures show that since 1960 field-goal attempts are up two-and-one-half shots per game."

In addition there already are rules

concerning "lack of sufficient action," and if they were properly enforced there would at least be less standing around in stall games and some thawing of the freeze. There would be running, chasing and attempts at ball stealing. Rule 10, Section 1 says, "A team shall not delay the game . . . by allowing the game to develop into an actionless contest." Teams must be "reasonably active" in trying to get the ball if on defense, or advance the ball if on offense.

"Under our present rules you can't stall," said John Bennington of Michigan State. "If you hold the ball, the rules say the defense must come out and force you to advance it. So there can't be a 30-16 game unless the defense doesn't come out."

Norvall Neve, commissioner of the Missouri Valley Conference, disagrees

slightly: "It's perfectly possible to stall by moving the ball from the midcourt area into the front-court area and then back out. No rule violation is involved. But the lack of action rules do enforce movement of the ball. A man can't just stand out beyond the free-throw line, holding the ball or dribbling it. So a team may not do much shooting, but it can't refuse to move the ball."

Most coaches do not want college basketball to emulate the nonstop NBA teams, which race up and down the court and fire at will. The coaches want to keep the variety of defenses (including the zone) and keep their own hands on the gearshifts—drive, reverse, low and even park. "The pro teams play so much alike," said Houston's Guy Lewis, "that a player can be traded from one team to another between halves and never miss a pass."

"If they put the 24-second rule in, UCLA won't lose a game in three years," said Michigan State's Bennington. "Upsets would be something of the past. The teams with the big recruiting programs would win, and the little guy wouldn't have a chance. And if they took the 24-second rule out of pro basketball, Philadelphia and Boston wouldn't win all the time. They've got Chamberlain and Russell to get the ball for them, so they just fire away."

"If a 24- or 30-second law was adopted, I imagine everybody would play a zone defense," said Belko of Oregon, "and force the offense to take the 20-foot shot. When everybody adopts a zone to force more outside shooting you have then taken the driving shot out of basketball. You can't drive against a good zone."

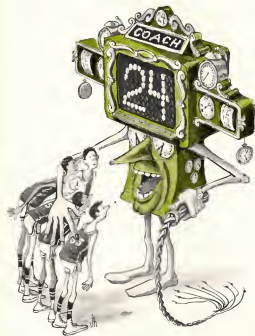
Ray Meyer, the veteran DePaul coach, sympathized with UCLA and other "have" schools, but added, "When we had George Mikan we had the same thing happen to us. We just had to go out and get the ball."

"A team not prepared to do a good job of pressing is inviting a stall, or delay, game," said Tex Winter of Kansas State. "Today a team should be prepared with half- and full-court man-to-man and zone presses. If you are not so prepared, then you don't deserve to win."

UCLA, of course, is so prepared, but if it chooses to counter a freeze with a freeze of its own, fans better prepare to wear their thermal underwear until Alcindor turns pro.

END

Many agree with Utah's Jack Gervino—"A 24-second clock makes a robot out of the coach."







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## PART 2 MY FRIEND ARNOLD PALMER

by MARK H. McCORMACK

# EVOLUTION OF A GOLF TYCOON

He datsats arguments, hates to say no and thinks the best place for money is safely in the bank, but he is also an astute executive who has parlayed his unequalled popularity into a multimillion-dollar enterprise

Something that every professional golfer dreams of is one day being able to walk into a golf shop at any course in the world and see a whole rack of clubs with his name engraved on them. It is the best way a golfer has of being reminded that he has accomplished something special in his career. Those new, polished, autographed clubs represent the ultimate satisfaction that comes from having been good enough to win so many tournaments that a manufacturing company wanted to market *his* name. One must understand this aspect of a pro golfer's hopes—and especially Palmer's—in order to appreciate fully the saga of Arnold Palmer and the Wilson Sporting Goods Company. In a curious way, it was Palmer's association with Wilson, and the strange ending of that association, which probably did more to make him the biggest business success in the history of the sport than anything he ever did with a golf club.

Arnold became officially associated with Wilson almost the minute he turned pro in 1954. Like every other young player, he was pleased at the prospect of going on the tour with his own big golf bag, one that would say, "Arnold Palmer—Wilson Sporting Goods Co." All young pros are proud to become mem-

bers of a "staff" right away. It looks as if they are important, as if they belong.

The large sporting goods companies actively recruit young players the way highly competitive pro football clubs go after college athletes. This recruiting sometimes begins when the golfers are still amateurs. The best amateurs frequently are catered to by company representatives, receive equipment that cannot be free under the rules of amateur golf—but who knows when payment is made?—and often end up playing with the same line of equipment as pros that they did as amateurs. When the golfers turn pro the companies sign them to contracts, furnish them with clubs, balls, bags, gloves and a little cash, and root for them to become winners, the bigger the better. It is without doubt a fair and equitable system for the average touring pro today. It was a fair system for every pro 20 years ago. But applying the business rules of 20 years ago to a Palmer is not so fair.

Surely, if Palmer had not become the superb player that he did, he would be wonderfully content with Wilson today. He would still be phoning up good old Joe Wolfe, the Wilson player representative, to ask for a new wedge or a different bag—he is tired of the giant white one with the red script and wonders why he

can't have a black one with red block letters. Wilson probably would have been the best thing that could have happened to him. As things turned out, Wilson was one of the best things that happened to Palmer, but not in a way that anybody could have guessed.

When I first began representing Arnold on an overall basis—which was in late 1959—one of the things I did was review all of his contracts, at least all of them I could find. The most important of these was the meat-and-potatoes contract, the one with Wilson. At this point Arnold had already won the 1958 Masters, had won 14 other tournaments and had been the PGA's leading money-winner. Yet his Wilson contract was, in effect, the same as it had been in November 1954, when he first signed up.

The royalty rate was, I felt, startlingly low. It was a worldwide contract, meaning Arnold could not make a nickel anywhere without Wilson's approval. It was littered with restrictive clauses. For example, one stipulated that any time Arnold endorsed another product—be it soupsuds, toothpaste or breakfast cereal—Wilson had to be mentioned ("I start off every morning, folks, with a hearty bowl of Crunchy Corn Crackles and my trusty Wilson wedge").

*continued*

When Arnold signed that three-year contract back in 1954 he did not have a penny, so it is certainly fair to say that he needed Wilson a lot more than Wilson needed him. In the first three years of the contract he got about \$5,000 a year from Wilson. This was a significant amount of money to Arnold, since his total winnings in the same period averaged only \$20,000 a year. But when the contract came up for renewal in the fall of 1957, Arnold should have been more cautious. On Sept. 25, 1957 he signed a letter with Wilson that, he told me, renewed his contract for another three years.

Now, I do not believe that Arnold Palmer really read any contract that he signed with anybody—ever—and he certainly did not seem too interested in the Wilson subject when I first brought it up with him early in 1960. Since I had been reviewing all of his affairs, and the Wilson contract seemed inequitable to me, I simply said to him one day, "Arnold, you really ought to familiarize yourself concerning your position with Wilson. It does not seem to be a very good deal the way things stand. I believe we can negotiate a far better contract."

And he said, "Oh, let's talk about it some other time. They are nice people, and I'm sure they are willing to go along with whatever is fair to everybody." Arnold recalled that Fred Bowman (then the president of Wilson) once told him, "Arnold, if at any time you want to get out of this, don't worry about a thing. We want you to know that if you aren't happy, we don't want you with us—and you've got our handshake on that." Besides, he said, several people at Wilson had mentioned to him that the company was making big plans to come out with a more prestigious club for him than the Palmer-autographed model it had been marketing through retail stores.

In the weeks that followed I continued to press the Wilson matter with him. Judging by the papers he had—Arnold's files were, dare I say, incomplete—there were no other obligations to Wilson. Did he have any? "No, I don't think so," said Arnold. "There may have been something about 1963, but whatever it was, it was not important. If there is any problem we'll just talk to them and get it fixed the way we want it. There won't be any trouble. They told me so."

Palmer went back to playing golf, some of the best golf of his life. He won the Palm Springs Desert Golf Classic and

the Texas, Baton Rouge and Pensacola opens. Then, in the second week of April, he won the Masters again. That did it. There was not a hotter commodity in sport than Arnold Palmer. The offers came pouring in, and soon Arnold himself realized that his life was going to become more complex, like it or not.

One big reason was that we were approached by a man named Jack Harkins of First Flight. Harkins wanted to market a top-quality pro-shop-only line of clubs that Arnold himself would design, assuming that Arnold did not want to renew with Wilson when his contract was up in November 1960. We had, of course informed Wilson we were talking to Harkins.

By the middle of May, Harkins and I had worked out the details of a contract with First Flight. It would, in essence, have given Arnold \$150,000 minimum against some very attractive royalty rates on clubs and balls for a five-year period. In addition, Palmer would have become a director of First Flight and received a stock option that Harkins euphorically claimed would probably be worth half a million dollars. There were also bonuses, such as \$5,000 for winning the Masters or the Open, as compared to Wilson's \$1,000 bonus for the Masters and \$2,000 for the Open.

Fine. But what Wilson did not remind Arnold of—or inform me of—was that it did indeed have another three-year option on Palmer. (In effect, this meant that the terms under which Wilson signed Arnold as a rookie in 1954 eventually applied for nine years.) Now the question was a simple one. Arnold felt he had a personal understanding with Wilson. He wanted a prestige line of clubs and a contract commensurate with his status in the sport. He assumed he would get it, based on his recollection of his early assurances from his friends at Wilson. But, unfortunately, his friends were no longer in positions of power.

Right after the 1960 Tournament of Champions, Arnold and I had a conference with Wilson executives in Chicago. It began with demonstrations of all the things Wilson planned to do to promote the Arnold Palmer equipment line.

We heard, over and over, that Arnold was going to make a fortune with Wilson. Finally, after nearly two hours, I asked Bill Holmes, the new president of Wilson, a key question:

"If Arnold requested a release from

his Wilson contract based upon the assurance given to him by Wilson officials some time back, would you grant the release to him?"

There was silence, the three seconds of silence that comes after a terrible social blunder has been committed.

"No," said Holmes. "We would not."

I did not blame them for wanting to keep Arnold and, because of the 1957 option clause, they had him. But, understandably, they also wanted him happy and hoped he would renew again in 1963 since, at the time, he was the only top golfer around—Gary Player had not emerged and Jack Nicklaus was still an amateur. Late in the meeting Holmes turned to Arnold and said something like:

"You know, Arnold, what we ought to do is renegotiate your contract and get all of those insignificant things out that bother Mark. Let's think in terms of a long-term agreement between us, say 10 years maybe, one which will be satisfactory to all concerned."

Arnold was happy. On the way out he gave me a lecture. He said that after all was said and done he was going to get a new contract that would be fine with him, and I was going to get the things in it that needed to be in, and he was going to get a better line of equipment, and he was still with Wilson, a big name, and his life was all set and well-organized.

While I got to work drafting versions of a new Wilson contract, Arnold returned to the fairways and promptly won the U.S. Open at Cherry Hills in Denver. With that he became, instead of a mere hot commodity, an immortal in alligator shoes. He made birdies while I made revisions in Wilson contracts, and they made revisions in my revisions. Slowly but surely progress was made. We asked for a slightly increased royalty rate, and they agreed. We asked for the elimination of those endorsement clauses, and they agreed. We asked for Arnold's income to be deferred into the future, and they agreed to that. And we asked for a split-dollar life-insurance plan for him, and they agreed. But it was still a good contract for Wilson, and not much of one for Arnold.

The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to have a long, long talk with Arnold about his philosophy and his general thoughts about the future—something we had never done before.

The opportunity came on a December night in 1960 that I will never forget. Arnold and I flew into New York in a wild snowstorm, he coming in from Florida and I from Cleveland. It was bitter cold, a night out of a Russian novel. We were staying at The Plaza hotel, and walked across the street to the old Trader Vic's for dinner. When we finished eating I began what must have sounded like a long-planned speech. It was.

"Arnold," I said, "you must make one of those decisions that few people ever have the opportunity to make. You have a chance to become a very rich man. Going with Wilson under the terms of this particular contract is taking a very conservative route. Wilson is not making any substantial concessions. I want to make this clear to you, because five years from now you may wonder why you have not made more money, big money, the kind that Hogan and Nelson and Sneed never had the opportunity to make. You'll do as well as they did—which is not bad, believe me. You

will have a nice income, probably \$75,000 a year, which is a lot of money, more than most people can spend and more than you ever thought of earning five years ago. But look at it this way. Suppose you could become truly wealthy, and I mean in such a way that you would be worth as much or more after you quit playing as you are while you play. It's something to think about."

It sure was, I continued.

"Wilson does not need you the way younger companies do. You could earn a great deal more by going with someone like First Flight. And don't worry about First Flight being a top company. Your name will make it one. But there is an even better way. You could follow Ben Hogan's example and set up your own company. You are that big."

Arnold thought for a long while. I could see that he was realizing time had at last blocked him in. He had to make a decision, and now. We probably would not get to have another of these conversations for some time. You don't get

Arnold's lengthy attention to troublesome matters that often. I don't. Nobody does. Signing with Wilson for 10 years certainly would mean the end of any larger plans. It was a moment at which a man was being asked to put a limit on his life and his desires. What might he want five years from now? In the rapidly changing world in which we live, might he want a rocket ship and not be able to buy it? Or, more modestly, but just as absurd as of that night, a twin-engine jet all his own?

Arnold's answer did not come as a surprise. "Mark," he said, "I'm basically a conservative person. All you are saying may be true. But these Wilson people are extremely big in the industry. They have treated me very nicely for the past few years. I realize I could probably make a lot more money going some other route, but I'd feel more comfortable not turning my back on them. I'd appreciate it if you would go along with them and try to work it out."

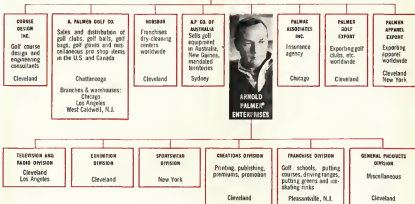
That was it as far as both of us were

continued

## THE COMPANIES UNDER PALMER'S UMBRELLA



MARK MCCORMACK



concerned. The big decision had been made. For better or worse, Arnold was going to stay with Wilson for the rest of his career. Who could have guessed that Wilson & Co. itself was about to become solely responsible for the formation of Arnold Palmer, Inc.?

After being approved by the lesser executives at Wilson Sporting Goods, the new Palmer contract needed a final O.K., this one from Judge James D. Cooney, the venerable and autocratic chairman of the board of Wilson & Co., the meat-packing giant of which the sporting-goods operation is only a small subsidiary. The judge took one look at the deferred-income provision, which would have given Wilson the use of Arnold's money for 10 years, and said no. As I understood it later, he said no Wilson executives had a deferred-income plan or a split-dollar insurance program, so why the hell should he give one to a golf pro? Besides, didn't Wilson already have a contract with this fellow Palmer? Well, why should it make a lot of concessions and write another one? This, in spite of the fact that his own executives had been working for months on the contract and that he himself had once led Arnold to understand that a satisfactory long-term contract should be written.

On Feb. 7 I got the news, and I remember thinking Arnold was going to have to become a businessman whether he liked it or not. Within days we began considering the formation of the Arnold Palmer Golf Company, which would sell Arnold's own clubs. In order to start as quickly as possible, we tried to buy up the Wilson option in March of 1962 for what I thought was a fantastic price. On March 22 of that year Arnold wrote Judge Cooney that the rejection of the proposed new contract "convinced me that insofar as Wilson was concerned, I was nothing more than a name to be exploited as they saw fit with no regard to my thoughts, wishes or ideas. . . ."

"I am sure you will recall the meeting that you and I had . . . in the summer of 1960 during the course of which you said to me that you felt it was not in the best interests of Wilson or of Arnold Palmer to remain associated in the event that either of us was unhappy. . . ."

"The only practical thing to do at this time is to seek some way to terminate this relationship as soon as possible, as to further continue it would obviously work to no one's benefit."

With that, Arnold offered:

1) To return "every nickel" that the Wilson Sporting Goods Company had ever paid him. (We estimated this at about \$75,000.)

2) To purchase from Wilson the entire existing inventory of Arnold Palmer clubs and balls, or

3) To agree that, if Wilson would permit Palmer to market his own new clubs, Palmer would reimburse Wilson for any amount which the sale of Palmer pro-only clubs and balls damaged the sale of Wilson's Palmer clubs.

The answer to the offer, which I estimate amounted to about \$500,000, was no. Whatever Wilson was now attempting to get from the Palmer situation, it did not seem to be money. Wilson made us wait out the end of its option—Oct. 31, 1963—but since that day Arnold has been in big business. The keystone has been the Arnold Palmer Golf Company, the existence of which gives Arnold great personal satisfaction.

It is perfectly logical that a famous golf professional should end up having clubs marketed under his name. But there is no precedent for a sports figure becoming the center of the kind of merchandising empire that surrounds Arnold Palmer today. It stems from exhibitions, endorsements and publishing ventures, has evolved into the development of new corporations far from the field of golf and dwarfs the enterprises that any other athlete has ever undertaken, much less been successful with. A great deal of what has happened comes down to the use of a name, a name that implies quality. We are a society conditioned by advertising—we react instinctively to names. The name projects an image, and the image sells. Being a winner and being personable has given Arnold a name and an image that are in demand.

As a result, it is now possible not only to play your golf with Palmer clubs while dressed from cleat to umbrella top in Palmer clothes made in the U.S., Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong, Japan, France or South Africa, but to have the Palmer image at your elbow in countless other ways. You can buy your insurance from a Palmer agency, stay in a Palmer-owned motel, buy a Palmer lot to build your home on, push a Palmer-approved lawn mower, read a Palmer book, newspaper column or pamphlet,

be catered to by a Palmer maid, listen to Palmer music and send your suit to a Palmer dry cleaner. You can shave with his lather, spray on his deodorant, drink his favorite soft drink, fly his preferred airline, buy his approved corporate jet, eat his candy bar, order your stock certificates through him and cut up with his power tools.

My job through all of this has been to serve as a policeman of sorts—to be the fellow who sifted through and sometimes sought out the offers and opportunities, casting aside the bad ones, looking more carefully into the attractive ones and laughing with Arnold at the ridiculous ones. I am also the man who says no for him, because Arnold hates to say no. Ask him to do something and he will answer, "I sure will, if I can. I'd really like to," rather than disappoint you with a no. And, of course, I do the contract bargaining for him. He detests this aspect of business. Only once can I recall him sitting in on a contract session, and he got so upset I thought he might hit somebody. "Never get me in one of those again, Mark," he told me, and I haven't.

I can best sum up what has been our general business philosophy with a memo I once wrote to a manufacturer who wanted to put out an Arnold Palmer golf shoe. We liked the company, but the suggested royalty to Arnold was too low and, in telling the gentleman that, I said, "Regardless of what you pay for Arnold Palmer, it would be much less than what you would have to pay to build a brand name from the beginning. Arnold Palmer is a brand name." And that is the thing you have to remember when you begin to wonder: How did Arnold Palmer ever get into . . . ?

The brand-name principle has been our basic business approach over the past six years, and the results are astonishing. During that period Arnold's annual individual income has totaled well into six figures. The products in which he has a direct interest, either through ownership or licensing arrangements, are reporting sales close to \$15 million annually, and his own companies have an annual payroll approaching three-quarters of a million dollars.

A basic breakdown of Arnold's businesses is not complicated (see chart, page 35). First, there is the Arnold Palmer Golf Company in Chattanooga, one of the two primary U.S. organizations. The

*continued*

If you think Jockey®  
just makes underwear...



# meet the Ban-Lon® Thorobred®



Jockey is famous for underwear, and for a very good reason. It's just about the greatest thing that ever happened to a man's body. Until JOCKEY/BAN-LON THOROBRED. Leisure shirt extraordinary. Action loving, shape keeping. Ultra soft. Man-styled by Jockey in finest 100% Texturized® nylon\*, with a breezy interlock knit. Five luxurious Thorobred knits

in all, including this one — a classic with non-curl collar and neatly tailored inset pocket. Have it in your pick of 21 virile colors. For just \$7. Remember the name: JOCKEY/BAN-LON THOROBRED. It's not underwear — it's luxury leisure shirts. At all better stores everywhere. Jockey Menswear, Keshwa, Wisconsin • A Division of Cooper's, Inc.

\*100% Nylon "C"® nylon — TM of Chemstrand

**Jockey**  
**Thorobred**  
SPORTSWEAR





## *Sterling & Hunt captures the spirit of Mercury Cougar*

The Cougar spirit. You're best-suited for it in the all-new Cougar Tropical suit by Sterling & Hunt. As sleek and trim as its sports car namesake. With advance styling features. Forward-pitched shoul-

ders. Two-button jacket. Slanted piped pockets. Side vents. Woven of the world's best—pure virgin wool. Color options. All cleverly combined to make sure the Cougar spirit never leaves you!



**COUGAR TROPICAL SUIT BY STERLING & HUNT.**





Mercury Cougar! It's elegance untamed, America's first luxury sports car at a popular price. With a spirited V-8, stick shift, and the lean, flowing look of the European sportsters. You get deep foam

buckets, concealed headlamps, triple sequential turn-signals, all the features only the big money cars used to have. Drive alive with Mercury Cougar. And dress the part with Sterling & Hunt.

**COUGAR BY MERCURY, THE MAN'S CAR**

What kind  
of man uses  
Vaseline Hair Tonic?



At the races a man asks him for change of a \$50 bill.

"I can't change it and get back before the next race."



It looks good but is it?

"I'll sign my tab, then see if I have it."

He must be sure of himself. But how does he know?



It was a 1950D bill. It had Henry Fowler's signature. It should have had Douglas Dillon's.

The man who knows how to take care of himself  
uses Vaseline Hair Tonic.



CLEAN AND CLEAR

other is Arnold Palmer Enterprises, Inc., with headquarters in Cleveland and offices in Los Angeles, New York and Pleasantville, N.J.

Arnold is president of both Arnold Palmer Golf Company and Arnold Palmer Enterprises, Inc. and is the largest stockholder. I am executive vice-president of both and the second largest stockholder. There are also some other companies: Palmac, which is in the insurance business; Arnold Palmer Company of Australia Pty. Ltd., which is an Australian operation in partnership with Dunlop; and Robsbur, which is involved with—don't laugh—dry cleaning. Now let's go back a few years.

One of our first endeavors involved clothing, and in a way Palmer's whole excursion into the sportswear field began because of Bill Casper's pants size. This was in 1959, when I was working with an organization called National Sports Management, Inc. and hoped to establish business connections for several of the touring pros, among them Palmer. After Casper won the 1959 U.S. Open at

Winged Foot, we made a mailing to various clothing manufacturers who had done some advertising in the golf magazines, hoping to work out some endorsements for Bill.

One of the men who received the mailing was Bill Saul of Sunstate Slacks in Tampa. I remember his calling me long distance at the Carling tournament at the Seneca Golf Course in Cleveland.

"Mr. McCormack," he said, "Sunstate would be interested in an arrangement with one of your players, but, frankly, even though Casper is the U.S. Open champion, he's, well, he's too fat to model slacks."

He then suggested Palmer. We agreed, and Arnold subsequently received a royalty on the slacks, with a nominal guarantee. Most professional golfers enter into similar arrangements and let it go at that, simply renewing the contract at a later date and being pleased that when they show up at various tournaments there is another shipment of "free" slacks waiting for them in the locker room. But bigger things seemed possible here. A

year later other clothing licenses were granted, and sales began to soar. In 1964 Arnold bought up all rights from Sunstate so that he could control the entire sportswear line, and by the end of 1966 the clothing operations were grossing hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

So much for new clothes. But who would want Arnold Palmer to do his laundry? Would Palmer's pressing and dry cleaning eliminate a chronic slice? Would towels and shorts and shirts being rinsed whiter by Palmer cut down on three-putt greens? I confess I was slightly surprised when Sidney B. Wood, the tennis star, wrote to me asking if we might get together to discuss Palmer and a "laundry idea." But Wood was going to teach us something that we still did not fully understand. His theory was simple—and one he himself had tested years before. "If you have a close friend opening a laundry, you will certainly send him your laundry, won't you? Arnold Palmer has thousands of fans who will give him their business because very few people are continuously happy with the

*Continued*

## Again FOOT-JOY makes news with Genuine **Shark Leather** Golf Shoes

From the tough, protective hide of the shark a remarkable new leather has been produced which combines distinctive appearance with extraordinary wearing qualities.

This unique "leather of the sea" not only repels water and resists scuffing and peeling, but actually "breathes" for foot comfort. And it happens to be very good looking.

Foot-Joy offers a rugged golf shoe of Sharkskin with smooth calf trim. Cushion insoles. Full rubber midsole for extra durability. Double soles. Style 51300—brown shark and brown smooth calf. Style 51318—black shark and black smooth calf. Fifty dollars. At your golf professional's. Brockton Footwear, Inc., Brockton, Mass. 02402



**Foot-Joy®**

GOLF SHOES  
Choice of Champions

## Start something new!

Here's the great new Yamaha Rotary Jet 100 single... race-bred from champions with Yamaha's total safety-engineered concept. Top speed range 60-65 mph. Gets up to 165 mpg. Waterproof, dustproof brakes. Six other new models too... 17 in all... part of the biggest, safest, most exciting line in sportcycling. See 'em all at your Yamaha dealers. If it's really new... it's Yamaha!

For this color brochure or a copy of "Complete Guide To Six Motorcycles" 90¢ in P.O. Box 54540, Los Angeles, California 90054. Deal. 5-1-77

# YAMAHA



NOW FROM MOTOROLA

## Transistorized TV for totin' around

Here's a real lightweight champ: solid state portable TV from the television industry's largest producer of solid state components.

- Just one vacuum tube (rectifier) • Instant picture, instant sound • Private-listening earphone • Deluxe cabinet • Fits places like bookcases because antenna is in the handle.



**MOTOROLA**  
SOLID STATE CADET

PALMER *continued*

laundries and cleaning places they use."

You can imagine Arnold's reaction when I told him he ought to get into the laundry business. "This is crazy," he said. "People are going to be coming up to me in the clubhouse and saying I ruined their pants." The other touring pros also thought it was a laugh. "The only pro golfer I would send my laundry to is Chen Chang-Po," cracked Dave Marr.

The more we considered it, however, the more we thought that Sidney could be right—people might send their clothing to Arnold Palmer. We were looking for an investment about then, so we set up the Palmer laundry ("Trust us with your flimsiest and finest") and Palmer dry cleaning and Palmer maid service ("Let Arnold Palmer brush aside your household cares") in New York. Later a new company was formed to handle the franchising of Arnold Palmer dry-cleaning centers. The centers use the Palmer name, have a golf décor and dress their counterwomen in green jackets. The operation has been very successful. By the end of 1966 there were more than 100 Palmer dry cleaning centers in the U.S., and a projection showed that in the next 10 years there may be as many as 2,000 of them. More important, it was found that while the average new dry-cleaning shop needs eight to nine months to become profitable, the Palmer shops were breaking even after nine or 10 weeks. What Sidney Wood knew, and we all learned, was that if two dry-cleaning shops are going to open in the same block and one is called Arnold Palmer's and the other is Jack Smith's, it is the Palmer shop that a new customer is more likely to try.

This, in turn, meant that any field is feasible for an Arnold Palmer franchise. Nothing would, by definition, rule out Arnold Palmer soap or Arnold Palmer florists or Arnold Palmer Christmas trees. Each would have a slight edge on its competitor, Arnold Palmer Christmas trees? That's right. J. C. Penney has made a thorough study of the possibility of marketing Palmer trees for the 1967 Christmas season.

A somewhat similar operation is that of Arnold Palmer Putting Courses, Inc., which has subsequently gone into golf ranges, golf schools and other franchise programs, including a backyard ice-skating rink that converts into a putting course in the summer. There are now 130 Arnold Palmer putting courses in the U.S., plus 10 in Japan, several in Can-

ada and South Africa and some just opening in Great Britain, and 25 driving ranges and nine golf schools.

Arnold has two other involvements of major proportions off the golf course. One is with Noxzema, which is test-marketing a line of Arnold Palmer after-shave lotion, cologne and deodorant called Swing. ("Swing is a deodorant that'll stay with me even when the action comes hot and fast.") A six-figure fee is being paid while Noxzema finds out in the next two years whether the products will be successful. The other is a new contract with the Ford Motor Company, for which Arnold and Arnold Palmer Enterprises will perform promotional activities.

All of these things constitute major sources of income for Arnold in addition to the prize money he wins in tournaments, but there have been many other ventures and adventures.

Once Arnold endorsed a driving net for the Tigrett Industries of Jackson, Tenn. This was back in 1960. We set up a photographic session that was also to serve as a final test of the product at the Mobile (Ala.) Municipal Golf Course during the Mobile Seftonia Open. Several of us stood around proudly while the net was stretched out. Photographers were poised as Arnold teed up a ball, took his stance and slammed the ball—straight through the net. The ball soared directly toward a group of four pros who were standing on the 18th green about 50 yards behind the net but, thank goodness, it missed them. Some improvements were made in the net before it went on the market.

Did you ever buy a hi-fi album entitled *Arnold Palmer Presents Music for Swingin' Golfers*? You did? Congratulations, because nobody else did. I have an office filled with them. And you can't make improvements on a record.

Wonder Bread once offered Arnold a fine deal, I thought. He was to receive \$3,500 for simply reciting a standard commercial on television—which was pretty good in 1960. This was another of my early coups.

"Wonder Bread tastes great . . . and toasts great, too," Arnold would say on camera. "It helps me be a Wonder Winner." The only problem was that the 20-point contract insisted that in the ad copy Arnold's wife and children had to be mentioned. It had to be implied that Winnie thought it toasted great, too,

—*Continued*



## First name for the martini **BEEFEATER®**

IMPORTED GIN FROM ENGLAND BY HENDRICK, N.Y. • 54 PROOF • TRIPLE-DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Buy it by the case.

**Black Watch. The name is Scotch. For best results men use it straight. Women find it intoxicating.**

**Black Watch cologne for men.**  
by Prince Matchabelli &

BLACKWATCH, COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE LOTION ARE MADE BY A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S FASHION ACCESSORIES.

and so did the *Wunderkinder*, Peggy and Amy. Arnold refused, just as he has whenever the question of using his family has come up. He doesn't believe in it.

It was about this same time—1961, I would guess—that I was sitting at home in Cleveland one night glancing through the latest issue of *LIT* magazine and was stunned to see Arnold's name in the headline of a Heinz ad. I called in my wife, Nancy, and read aloud:

"'Leading a gypsy's life, so to speak,' says Golf Star Arnold Palmer, 'I've had to develop a kind of system for picking good spots to eat. One almost sure tip-off, I've found, is a bottle of Heinz Ketchup on the tables or counter.'"

I went into an A-1 tirade. I had not given Heinz permission to use Arnold's name in any ads. I could hardly wait to get to the office the next morning to write one of those letters that says, "I am attorney for Arnold Palmer and I am completely shocked . . ."

Not too many days later I was even more shocked. I received a testy letter from the Heinz legal department, and attached was a copy of a contract signed by Arnold almost a year earlier. "We can only conclude you do not have in your possession . . ." their letter said, among other things. This is one way of learning early that your client is not always going to recall everything he does.

"Oh, don't get upset," Arnold said. "I remember giving a friend a verbal O.K. for an ad a long time ago. They paid me \$300 for it, you know. That's not bad."

"But you signed a contract for a year," I said. "Do you remember getting the money for it? And do you get paid for every ad or just once?"

"Listen, Mark, that's your department," Arnold said.

Arnold was right, of course, on all counts. He was right to sign the contract, because it is exactly the kind of contract sports figures have been signing heedlessly for years. He was right to forget he had signed, because his business is swinging a driver, not keeping track of contracts. And he was right to think that since I now managed his affairs, Heinz was my worry, not his. It was my responsibility to establish and protect the value of the Palmer name.

Now that it has been well established that the Palmer name will sell, there seems to be no end to the products with

which he is asked to associate himself. Arnold and I used to laugh off hundreds of proposals, but the lesson we learned from the dry-cleaning business has made us think at least twice before saying no.

At various times Arnold has been approached about starting an Arnold Palmer Aero Club, Inc., a credit-card company, endorsing a Bar-B-Q Grill, Ben-Gay, Dristan, Colgate Rapid Shave, hair tonic, suntan oil, talcum powder and a deodorant in plastic containers molded in his likeness. Caron's Pour un Homme wanted him for a cologne, Chantilly wanted profit in him, and Zizanie by Carmel Myers ("Once a wicked siren of the films," she wrote, "who was clasped in the ardent embraces of such idols as Rudolph Valentino and John Barrymore . . .") thought a business alliance would be nice.

He has been asked to submit his "favorite recipe" to *Better Homes and Gardens* (What can you say about steak and potatoes?), to start a Dial-a-Lesson service in Phoenix, like Dial-a-Prayer and Dial-the-Weather, to have the umbrella trademark of his companies—a trademark, by the way, that has no history or significance; it just looked nice—somehow made into the spikes of golf shoes, to endorse a squeeze ball (for strength), a grip groover, an isometric kit and food bars containing 200 calories each.

He has been asked to drive a golf ball into a television screen to prove it would not break—he did, and it didn't—to film a series on golf for the National Guard, to purchase a yacht basin, to endorse houseboats, children's toys, bag tags, coin-operated games, a walking stick and crème de menthe.

He has been asked to sponsor an African safari, to back a golfers' vacation club, to invest in a revolutionary fertilizer dispenser, to purchase a poultry farm, to take an option on a one-act play titled *What Is the Verdict?* and to buy an apartment house in Pittsburgh that was a real bargain: only \$5,080,000.

Like every personality in the public eye, Arnold was inevitably led into the oil business. There is absolutely nothing wrong with this business, and thousands of people have grown wealthy overnight by taking a chance in it. You simply have to like to gamble, be able to afford to lose and be prepared to lose. I recite this only to point out that Arnold has never been that kind of gambler, nor

have I. Arnold's idea of being risky with money is putting it in the bank—I mean, Jesse James might strike overnight, who knows? Compared to him, I am a wheel-dealer, though by any other standards I am thoroughly conservative. Nonetheless, we finally made a little venture into oil, mostly because we had it worked out so that we could hardly lose.

The opportunity was brought to us by a friend of Arnold's in Dallas named Allen Humphrey. He is a likable, sociable fellow, a true golf nut, and has seemed to thoroughly relish his acquaintance with Arnold. I won't go into the details, but I am sure Allen won't mind if I let you share a little of the excitement of being in on a Texas oil deal. And bear in mind that this is happening to two Nervous Nellies. In this instance Arnold invested \$10,750 in a Humphrey well owned by Bartessa Oil. It had a lovely name, #1 Causey Snackover, and all of the early reports described how it was situated between wells that were already pumping away like all Arabias.

On July 10, 1963 we get word from Humphrey that "the #1 Causey structural position is favorable enough to indicate a probable Snackover anomaly. Predictions to date are highly optimistic. If successful, it may return 30 or 40 to 1 on the investment." When you consider the depletion allowance for tax purposes, that gets to be a big 30 or 40 to 1. What follows are core samplings from the reports that we received as drilling began and excitement rose:

July 6: "Drilling 7,453 feet in shale."

July 26: "At 9,330 feet and everything looks very favorable."

August 9: "Drilling 10,481 feet in shale—still very favorably structured."

August 14: "Late report. At 10,805 feet in anhydrite. Everything still AOK, and it is now strictly up to the elements."

August 16 (by telegram): ENGINES REPAIRED. NOW DRILLING AHEAD AT 10,886 FEET.

August 17: "At 10,953 feet. It is very difficult to pick out the Buckner Shale samples." (Is this good or bad? I ask myself. I think we are in trouble.)

August 20: "Drilling at 11,233."

August 20 (by telegram): CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR GREAT WIN IN THE WORLD SERIES OF GOLF. (Now I know we are in trouble, especially since the World Series hasn't been played yet.) WE ARE DOING OUR BEST WITH THE CAUSEY. (Serious trouble.)

continued



Two bottles of Buchanan's Black & White Scotch Whisky are shown. The bottle in the foreground has a white label with 'BLACK & WHITE' in large letters, 'BUCHANAN'S' below it, and 'BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY' at the bottom. The neck label also says 'BLACK & WHITE' and 'BUCHANAN'S'. The bottle in the background has a dark label with 'BLACK & WHITE' and 'SCOTCH WHISKY'. In front of the bottles are two glasses filled with whisky and ice cubes. One glass has a large ice cube, and the other has a smaller one. The background is a plain, light color.

## Scotch for people who know the difference.

"Black & White" is the  
Scotch for Scotch drinkers.  
Light to the taste,  
yet alive with flavor from  
first sip to last.  
The one that sets the  
standards for all other  
Scotches. The one  
you'll stay with.  
Tonight, "Black & White."





# A shoe for people who like to wear sneakers.

Our new shoe is sort of a sneaker in disguise.



The uppers are a soft, imported suede fabric.

But the lower half of the shoe is made just like Keds® sneakers.

Jazzy rubber foxing. Smooth crepe sole.

And, to top the bottom off, the three exclusive Keds features that make our sneakers probably the most comfortable ones in the country: The Arch Cushion, the Cushioned Heel and the Cushion-Comfort Insole.

Knockarounds (that's what we call these shoes, for obvious reasons) come in the chukka boot style.

The less daring low-quarter,  two-eyelet style. And the lazy man's  slip-on style. (Each style in a variety of colors. For under \$9.00)


What do they feel like?

Well, let's put it this way. If you've ever worn our sneakers, you already have an idea how comfortable Knockarounds are.

And if you've never worn our sneakers...well, then you have no idea how comfortable they are.

**UNIROYAL**  
The new way to do  
things the old-fashioned way.



A man and a woman are posing in a dynamic, almost dancing manner. The woman, on the left, is wearing a bright red long-sleeved shirt and white jeans with a brown belt. The man, on the right, is wearing a dark blue short-sleeved button-down shirt and light blue jeans with a brown belt. Both are smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a plain, light color.

## Call for COTTON ...Levi's did

Do-alikes can be dress-alikes in these look-alike Levi's—perfectly matched for matching activities. Perfectly suited to them, too, because Levi's called for cotton—the action fabric. Sturdy, dependable, comfortable cotton. Great for the outdoors. Makes you look the way you want to look when you're on the go.

Left: Ladies' White Levi's in sand only, sizes 6 to 20; \$5.00. Right: Men's White Levi's in sand, loden, cactus, faded blue, bravo blue, white, black; sizes 26 to 42, \$4.95. At good stores across the country.

**Cotton Producers Institute,**  
Box 12259, Memphis, Tenn. 38112.



August 23: "At 11,447. Preparing to cut core."

August 24: "At 11,503 feet. It now appears that the #1 Causey is in the middle of two structures. Even though we have a dry hole . . . I am shipping you a piece from the core of the Causey . . . I know that a core from a dry well isn't particularly a treasured memento, but . . ."

So much for Arnold Palmer, Inc. I confess it, when I stop and really reflect I find myself wondering how it is that this one athlete, this man I admire so much, could develop into the web of corporations and interests that he has become. A trace of the answer, I think, stems from the fact that he is a man of simple virtues and admirable qualities in an era which is short on both. He wants to succeed, and you, the observer, want him to succeed. This has been well expressed by a noted psychologist, Dr. Ernest Dichter, who heads the Institute of Motivational Research in New York.

"People see themselves winning through Palmer," says Dr. Dichter. "He looks and acts like a regular guy, and at the same time he does the kinds of things others wish they could do. His expressiveness makes his spectators feel that they are part of his game; he looks as though he needs their help, and they respond."

Arnie's Army responds to the extent of \$15 million worth of business a year. I am sure it is the response Arnold evokes from the public that has led to the most recent—and surprising—move within his business operations. The National Broadcasting Company is now negotiating with Arnold and me to buy five of his eight companies for a sum that could eventually amount to between \$7 million and \$10 million—an extremely attractive sale price.

This all began last July, when NBC approached us with a very basic idea: it wanted a public association with Palmer. Could anything be worked out? I would assume that the network was searching for some kind of counterpart to the CBS purchase of the Yankees.

The more we talked with NBC the more the scope of a possible agreement with them expanded. Under the proposed sale—and only a few details remain to be worked out—NBC would buy all of the Palmer companies except the Arnold Palmer Golf Company, Palmac

Associates and the Arnold Palmer Company of Australia. It would not, however, take managerial control of its companies. This would be retained by Arnold and me, as would an interest in the success of the companies. Nor would there be any essential change in Arnold's activities or tournament appearances. He would merely be expected to continue what he has been doing to make his companies profitable. (His tournament earnings, naturally, remain part of his personal income, just as they always have been.)

In addition to ownership of five sound businesses, NBC would get, for a period expected to exceed 20 years:

1) Palmer's exclusive services as a commentator on sports events, when his appearance is feasible and does not conflict with prior commitments.

2) His advice and assistance in getting more golf—both live and filmed—on the NBC television network.

I think it is safe to say that never before has the sale of the business assets of an athlete reached such corporate proportions. Arnold and I feel the sale is at least a partial culmination of the ventures that we began seven years ago, and a most satisfying step.

"People see themselves winning through Palmer," says Dr. Dichter. And now so do huge corporations like NBC, for the business community has joined Arnie's Army.

I must say that none of this would be too meaningful if Arnold had ever gotten going with a company he was offered a share of in January 1966 at the Los Angeles Open. It is called the Continuelife Corporation. The theory is that when somebody dies of a disease that has no cure his body is immediately frozen and kept frozen until the time comes when a cure is found. Then he is thawed out and treated. Arnold phoned me about it from L.A. "You told me I had to call you whenever we got an offer," he said. "Well, here's an offer."

"Don't laugh, Arnold," I said. "As soon as they get it perfected we'll put everything we own into it and forget about golf."

## Next Week

*An account of Palmer's big battles, one with himself over cigarettes, the other with the PGA—a fight that imperiled the tour.*



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Ask for this amazing purple motor oil wherever your car is serviced. Get The Finest.

**76**  
UNION

**UNION OIL COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA**

## ***DARK'S OUTLOOK IS YOUNG AND BRIGHT***

The manager of the Athletics took over a last-place club a year ago and moved it up to seventh. Now, looking at his fine kid pitchers, he plans to go higher

*by* **WILLIAM LEGGETT**



The sixth day of spring training for the Kansas City Athletics had ended, and Manager Alvin Dark stood alone atop one of the red-clay pitching mounds on the sidelines at Bill McKechnie Field in Bradenton, Fla. His eyes appeared to focus on the gray and gloomy outfield fence while he tossed a shiny new baseball from one hand to the other and rocked back and forth on his heels and toes. Dark had been asked to summarize his impressions of the first few days of workouts and to tell the hopes he had for his team in the coming season. He finally pushed the baseball into his hip pocket and came off the mound. "I'm just tickled to death," he said, "just plain tickled to death. I've got the greatest bunch of boys I've ever had. I didn't realize there were this many good kids left in the whole world."

Kids playing for Kansas City? Yep. Good kids playing for Kansas City who will not be sent to the New York Yankees on the underground railroad? Yep. Good kids who were signed for real money and not picked up in another of those traditional Kansas City scavenger hunts? Yep. Kids good enough to put the Athletics into the first division for the first time in Kansas City's history? Yep, that's possible. In fact, it looks very, very possible.

Although it is again that time of the year when huge amounts of flapdoodle and false promises come pouring out of spring training camps in Florida, Arizona and California, a team to keep an eye on this spring is indeed at Bradenton where Dark is flitting together a young ball club that is going to be heard from for a long time to come. Even in Bradenton, which is not the liveliest of spring training towns, a slogan is beginning to catch hold. It goes, "Get aboard the A's train."

During the five months since the Baltimore Orioles rolled over the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series (or the Los Angeles Dodgers rolled over the Baltimore Orioles), American Leaguers have spent most of their time discussing and debating three major subjects. The first is whether Frank Robinson can possibly have as good a year in 1967 as he had in 1966. The second is which of the three prime contenders—Baltimore,

Minnesota or Detroit—will win the pennant. The third is Kansas City, and for the first time the A's are not a subject of ridicule. Last year opposing players, managers and general managers suddenly began respecting the Athletics, and some people have even been so bold as to predict that a K.C. pennant may be only two years away.

One of the prime reasons for this enthusiasm, of course, is 22-year-old Jim Nash (see cover) who came up to the A's last year in the first week of July and in the last three months of the season won 12 games while losing only one. But Nash is not the only reason why insiders are predicting big things in the future for the Athletics. Kansas City will begin this season with five starting pitchers whose average age is 21.8. Currently, Dark is also looking over another flight of 10 young pitchers—all of them rookies—and one or more of them might win a place on the team before the season opens a month from now. By happy coincidence, this second flight also averages 21.8 years; not one member of this

group pitched under .500 ball in the minor leagues, and their combined won-lost total in 1966 was an impressive 108-53.

The change in the Kansas City outlook from what it was only two years ago is remarkable. Back in April of 1965 the A's opened the season with a creaking starting staff that had an average age of 27.6, and the Athletics lost 11 of their first 13 games. Last season—Dark's first as manager—the Athletics got off to an even poorer start and lost 14 of their first 17. But Dark turned to his young pitchers and began using them at every opportunity in the hope that they would gain valuable experience. At times the process of gaining that experience was painful. One day in Detroit, for example, Dark watched bitterly as Al Kaline stole a base in the eighth inning against the A's, even though the Tigers were ahead at the time by nine runs.

"Just wait," Dark, more irritated than humiliated, said then. "Just wait. Our day is coming, and it's going to be a lot sooner than most people think."

*continued*



ALVIN'S BOY WONDERS include (from left) Starting Pitcher Chuck Dobson, 23, Starter Lew Krausse, 23, Starter Jim (Califish) Hunter, 20, Relief Pitcher Jack Aker, who, at 26, is an old man in this crowd, Starter Jim Nash, 22, Starter Johnny (Blue Moon) Odom, 21

Kansas City broke out of that original slump and was only one game under .500 for the rest of the season despite a second slump (6-12) immediately after the All-Star break. The team finished a rising seventh, only six games out of the first division.

The oddest thing about Kansas City's newly won respectability was the accompanying silence on the part of the team's owner, Charles O. Finley. Finley was inordinately quiet when everyone thought he would be at his very loudest. Not once did he burn a bus in public or hire a female announcer or ride a mule into the ball park. Charlie didn't even promise the people of Louisville that the A's were there.

Since the end of last season Charlie has made just three little moves. He has made the hues of the A's gaudy uniforms a little gaudier. "The wedding-gown-white uniform," he said recently, "is a notch brighter. So is the Fort Knox gold and so is the sea-foam green" (*left to right on cover*). He has decreed that this year the Athletics will also wear gold batting helmets. And he insists that this season his players are going to be the first major league baseball team ever to wear white shoes. "Made," says Charlie, "from the rare albino kangaroo. These shoes will have kelly-green laces going around the tops to give them an even more colorful look. If the opposition claims that they cannot see the ball because of our white shoes it might cause a controversy. I hate controversy. I might just have green shoes with white laces ready in case that comes up. If the field is muddy we will wear black shoes with white laces." And they were wearing black shoes in spring training.

Of course, there are many people in Kansas City who maintain that Finley has reacted mildly to his team's success because he is waiting for his lease with the city (for rental of Municipal Stadium) to expire at the end of the 1967 season. At that time, some suggest, he will make quite a bit of noise by moving the club to Oakland, Calif.

The Athletics have not drawn over a million people at home since their first two years in Kansas City back in 1955 and 1956. Last year their attendance, stimulated by the emergence of youth, jumped 250,000, but even that substantial

increase left K.C. 17th in attendance in the majors with 773,929. Should the Athletics get off to a good start this year, attendance may bounce back over a million and that may squash any immediate hopes Finley might have for skipping town with his ball club. The early portion of this year's Kansas City schedule is difficult, because in its first 14 games the team plays Baltimore, Detroit and Cleveland—two contenders and a team with a history of fast starts. Oark seems unworried by the prospect. "I know this team will not get off bad," he says confidently. "It is too good a team for that."

Even before spring training officially began many of the A's showed up at McKeech Field on their own and worked out. As Jim Nash ran wind sprints in the outfield, Cot Deal, the pitching coach, watched him with admiration. "It is very rare," he said, "that a pitcher comes along with both the natural gifts and the attitude that Nash has. He has an instinct for pitching. So do most of these kids." Darch's explanation for his young talent's rapid development is deceptively simple. "They go out on the mound and look in at the hitter and they say, 'Hey, boy, who you? I never read anything about you.'"

While Nash has gotten the most publicity of the five young starting pitchers, he also received the smallest amount of Finley's bonus money. Kansas City signed him for only \$2,000, whereas Lew (Kid) Krause Jr., Chuck Dobson, Jim (Catfish) Hunter and John (Blue Moon) Odom represent \$300,000 in bonuses. Krause, the son of a pitcher who had a brief tour with the Philadelphia A's in the early '30s, broke into the majors in 1961 after signing with the A's for \$125,000. Barely 18 at the time, he pitched spectacularly in his early starts but did not seem capable of handling the sudden rush of fame that struck him. He was down in the minors for most of the next four seasons but finally returned to the parent club as a polished pitcher last year. He won 14 games and lost nine, and was in the top 10 in the league in earned run averages.

Catfish Hunter will not turn 21 until a few days before the season begins. All he needs to do is sharpen his control just a little to be worth the \$75,000 that Finley paid him to sign in 1964. (He was given the nickname Catfish at the age of

10 when he ran away from home and returned carrying two catfish as a peace offering to his family.) Hunter has never pitched an inning in the minor leagues, and his won-lost record of 17-19 for his two seasons in the majors is very good for a pitcher with a second-division team.

Like Hunter, Blue Moon Odom was signed in 1964, and he, too, got \$75,000. Eighteen of the 20 clubs in the majors were after him, but he settled on Kansas City because he felt he would have his best chance there. "All my life," Odom says, at 21, "I have worn uniform No. 13 just because I like it and because most people say it is unlucky. In my first start against the Yankees, there I was with my No. 13 on and nervous as I could be. I walked some, and they just pounded out the rest, and I was gone after two innings. The Yankees won the game 9-7, but I was not the losing pitcher. Not long after that I pitched my controversial no-hitter, which some say was *not* a no-hitter and others say was a no-hitter. I don't say very much about it, but I think what I think, and I don't think I quite agree that it was *not* a no-hitter. It was against the Baltimore Orioles in Baltimore and there were two things that the scorer called hits. My teammates wanted to beat up the official scorer. Anyway, I was 1-2 that year and needed some work on the minors and I was sent out." In 1966 Odom was sent to the minors again to work on his control and his curve, but he returned to Kansas City in midseason. His record of 5-5 does not look outstanding unless it is put to closer scrutiny. In his last five starts, Odom won by scores of 4-1, 3-0 and 2-0 and lost by 0-3 and 0-1.

When the 1966 season began hitters around the league were talking about Chuck Oobson and the difficulties he was causing with his blazing fastball. But Oobson, at 23 the elder statesman of the five young starters, came down with arm trouble in May and was used sparingly thereafter. "There are some things you can hope for," Oark says, "and one of them is that a pitcher who has had a sore arm can come back. I know that Dobson's arm is all right now." Dobson was signed by the A's for \$25,000 and is that rare thing in the majors—a boy who pitches for his home-town team.

One day last week, just a few miles down the road from where Kansas City

*continued*

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trains, Manager Ed Stanky and General Manager Ed Short of the Chicago White Sox were asked to evaluate the Athletics. The White Sox are a team not unlike the A's—each must struggle for runs—and last season the Sox had the best luck of any team against Kansas City (13-5). "It was no freak thing that the Athletics moved up three positions in the standings," said Stanky. "Those young pitchers of theirs have been well educated, and they could very well be knocking on the door to the first division—though, like us, they need some hitting to go with that pitching. Still, Finley has been aggressive in signing ballplayers, and they might have some young hitters on the way up."

Looking at the A's from a general manager's point of view, Short summed up the situation this way: "They were able to get excellent prospects in the free-agent draft, which was put into effect to help the clubs down at the bottom of the standings. All the bottom clubs in the American League are tougher now, and they will continue to get tougher because of that draft. But if you are looking for one person who had a lot to do with their development last year, it has to be their catcher, Phil Roof."

A professional ballplayer since 1959, Phil Roof had played only 54 games in the major leagues prior to 1966 because it was his misfortune to be the second best young catcher in the farm system of the Milwaukee Braves when Joe Torre was the first. Roof, at 26 still young for a catcher, got to Kansas City after three somewhat complicated trades. He likes it there.

Our park," he says, "is huge, Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette would have loved to have pitched in it in their heyday. Our theory is to make the other guys hit the ball. If we don't walk anybody, we can win there." The left-field foul line at Municipal Stadium is 370 feet away and has a 22-foot-high fence. Center field is 421 feet and has the same 22-foot fence. Right field is 338 feet away, and its fence, stretching over to right center, is 40 feet high.

"There is no doubt," Roof says, "that many of us went into last season with mixed feelings about Dark. We didn't know what he was, and he didn't know what we were. That's all changed now.

The entire team has great respect for him, because he lets you do your job without looking over your shoulder every minute." Third baseman Ed Charles, the oldest regular on the Kansas City roster at 33 and last year the team's batting leader at .286, is another late-blooming major leaguer. He had 10 years in the minors before he made it with K.C. in 1962. After five years with the A's Charles appreciates the difference in the team. "In my first four springs here," he says, "we really had nothing to build on. Now we do. These kids want to win and make money. They've come off winning minor league teams. They know how to win. And Alvin Dark does a heck of a job handling guys, young and old."

Building a team on young pitchers is often a very risky business unless you have some hitting potential and good relievers. The Athletics have an excellent relief pitcher in Jack Aker, only 26 himself. Last year Aker worked in 66 games for Kansas City and tied a major league record for saves with 26. But hitting is going to come hard for Dark and his A's, though again they have the young boys that every team covets. Rick Monday, the first player ever drafted in the free-agent draft, got \$104,000 from Kansas City, and Reggie Jackson got \$85,000. Jackson is currently in the service, but Monday has a chance to stick with the team when the season starts. One morning last week Dark put Monday in the batting cage and stood behind holering out situation plays. "Shortstop's covering second, Rick," he yelled. Monday promptly hit the ball through short. "Second baseman's covering," Dark said. The ball whistled through the hole between first and second. "Middle," Dark said, and Monday hit a scorching line drive through the pitcher's box and into center field. "Goodness gracious," said Dark.

Kansas City has Bert Campaneris at shortstop, and Campaneris has stolen 103 bases over the last two years. Danny Cater is at first base and last year Cater, at .278, was the fifth best hitter in the American League. The Kansas City outfield is in excellent shape defensively, but if one of the new players can break into that outfield and hit, a lot of people are going to be on that A's train as it moves out of Bradenton and up in the American League.

END

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# jensen

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**Ford Frick**, who made his reputation as Commissioner of Baseball by offending almost nobody, is back in the conciliation game again. The City of New York's Manpower and Career Development Agency has hired him as a \$75-a-day consultant to open the doors of industry and business to the underprivileged, disadvantaged and poor.

For the first time in 33 years **Red Barber** showed up at spring training without a job, but he was not out of the catbird seat for long. *The Miami Herald* has hired the former Yankee broadcaster as a weekly columnist. Barber will write on various subjects but will devote most of his time to baseball. "I'm happy as a lark about the job," he says. "I am a weak man, and I probably never would have quit the Yankees on my own. This is like a new life opening up for me."

"Zooming vividly into view" with the spring fashions, says this month's *Harper's Bazaar*, is the "wild, witty, high gear race-car shoe." The wildest and wittiest shoe of the new collection (below) is one supposedly inspired by a Ferrari car, though

racing's grand old man, **Ennio Ferrari**, knew nothing about the new creation. The shoe comes in black patent and has patches of green, pink, orange and yellow. Fully equipped, with headlights, windshield, steering wheel, a race number stiched to the side and a metal bumper, it sells for \$80. One optional extra, a rear-view mirror, was considered by the manufacturer but then dropped from the line.

In the first demonstration of the two-satellite, two-way transmission of photographs now possible between Europe and the Pacific, a picture of Sweden's Crown Prince **Carl Gustaf**, surfboard in hand and girl at his side, was sent in 2½ seconds from Hawaii to London. Back from Britain via *Early Bird* and *Lani Bird* came a photograph of Jockey **N. J. Lawrence** and his horse, *Bramble Hill*, falling over the sixth fence in the *Woborough Green Handicap Steeplechase* at Fontwell Park. The picture of the prince was posed, but the Associated Press bureau chief in Honolulu, who arranged for it, was so pleased with the results that he hired a Waikiki beach boy to give the prince a day of free surfing lessons. **Carl Gustaf**, who is on a six-month world cruise with 99 other Swedish Naval Academy cadets, was soon riding a wave.

In *Newman's* department store in Joplin, Mo. an exhibition of celebrities' paintings was held recently. Among the works on display was a canvas by **Kyle Rote** entitled *Green Vase—Suzie Rose*, an abstract by **Rocky Graziano** called *I Was High*, which was done while he was drinking, and *Steel Mills—Gary, Indiana* by Yankee Pitcher **Jim Bouton**. Rote, who usually does floral studies, and Graziano both say they paint whatever comes to mind. "I work solely from my imagination," Rocky declares. "Something comes out. Just like that. You know what I mean—original." Graziano has done as many as 10 paint-

ings in 10 weeks. Bouton, who is a fairly accomplished artist, says, "I haven't done much painting since I came to the Yankees. With me it isn't something that can be done in a few minutes. Maybe I'm a better tiler than I am a painter. I have one painting I like called *Fire-scoured Water Hole*."

Intriguingly matched on a golf course last week were Singapore's Premier **Lee Kuan Yew**, Malaysia's Prime Minister **Tunku Abdul Rahman** (right) and their respective cabinets. On a nine-hole course in the highlands of Malaysia, which is said to have one of the most difficult 7th holes in the world, the two governments teed off against each other. Since Lee pulled Singapore out of the Malaysian Federation a year and a half ago the two countries have quarreled continuously. But when the Malaysian government discovered that there were not enough golfing diplomats in Kuala Lumpur to provide a field for its annual golf tournament, the Malaysian high commissioner suggested inviting Singapore's statesmen. Lee, who is reputed to be the world's hottest golfing head of state (his handicap has dropped from 18 to 12 in the past year), accepted the challenge. Said the Tunku of Malaysia, "Now there is nothing more to quarrel about." Lee was noncommittal. "The press will get nothing but scores," he said. Malaysia won the match 3½ to 3½, but Lee Kuan Yew and his partner shot a 68 to take individual honors. A diplomat trying to assess the political results of the tournament said, "The best we can hope for at present is that the two countries go on playing golf. Something might come of it . . . eventually."

The Dallas Cowboys, led by Hallback **Dan Reeves** and Linebacker **Lee Roy Jordan**, have been beaten by a girls' volleyball team—at the girls' game. Hoping to raise \$2,000 to pay its way to the national volley-



ball championships in Detroit, the Dallas Independent girls' team, which includes several All-America players, challenged the Cowboys to a match. Reeves said, "We thought we were just going to go out and play some volleyball with some girls. There were a few things the publicity men left out." After losing three games, the Cowboys quit. "They were just catching on," the girls' captain said.

When Colgate-Palmolive hired the *White Knight* five years ago to put thrust into its Ajax advertising campaign, the company came up with a winner, but apparently Colgate still does not know what a good thing it has. At a recent Texas livestock show the *White Knight* himself, Tom Sweet, told horsemen that his white stallion, named *Ajax*, of course, was a racer. "He's the most graceful horse I ever saw," said Sweet. "I weigh 195 pounds and the *armer* I wear in that TV commercial is 78 pounds, but, man, can that horse go! We did one commercial with *Ajax* running down the middle of Withers Boulevard, and a cameraman clocked him at 42 miles an hour on the asphalt." Either Sweet is a knight errant or *Wilshire* is a fast track. Man o' War once won 37 miles an hour, Citation 38 miles an hour and Swaps 39 miles an hour.





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## Two times one equals zero

**When two promoters staged separate tournaments in New York last week—one amateur, the other pro—the result was a lot of empty seats**

It was last November when Wally Dill, the director of the professional tennis players association, got together with Freddie Botur, the pro at the 71st Regiment Armory on 34th Street in New York and worked out the details for an indoor tournament. Available were several members of the old guard, such as Rod Laver and Pancho Gonzalez, and two rookies, Dennis Ralston and Fred Stolle, as well as assorted members of pro tennis' taxi squad. Dill chose the dates of March 2-5 to hold the tournament and then proceeded to let no one know. "Why should we tell the USLTA?" said Dill. "They don't tell us anything."

Darn right. When Geza Gaetz, the pro at the nearby Vanderbilt club, a remodeled television studio inside Grand Central Terminal, decided to hold a

tournament at his place, he certainly saw no reason to tell Dill. Gaetz lined up Manuel Santana, Arthur Ashe, Chuck McKinley and John Newcombe, and chose the dates of March 2-5. No two people were more surprised than Dill and Gaetz when the conflict in dates was made public, and by then it was too late for either to switch. So it was that last week New York had two tennis tournaments at the same time within a 10-minute walk of each other.

The timing error was just the first of the problems that confronted the tennis fan—and a relatively minor one at that. Thanks to the efforts of Gladys Heldman of *World Tennis*, the two tournaments agreed to stagger their playing hours: On one day you could see the pros at 5 in the afternoon, then scoot eight blocks up

Park Avenue to catch the amateurs at 8. Difficult, but possible.

Worse were the prices, nothing under \$6, some seats as high as \$10. And to sit where? The dank, shadowy Armory was hardly better than a dungeon, and its inadequate lighting had Gonzalez raging, though that is nothing new. "Here I get myself into good shape and now I have to play in this," the old lion roared. "If you don't improve the lights, I'll default." The lighting was improved, pronto.

There was room for 6,500 people in the Armory, but with the exception of the Sunday final it was always less than half full. And there was one pitiful moment—5 p.m. on Thursday, the day the tournament began—when there were no more than 75 people in the gloom. The amateurs in the Vanderbilt club had better lighting, but the club's odd shape—very long and barely as wide as the court itself, sort of like, uh, well, an old television studio—prevented more than 1,400 at a time from watching. Most of the week there were fewer than 500 people, friends of the family. A college bas-

*continued*



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kethball doubleheader in Madison Square Garden on Thursday night drew 12,000 and thereby nearly matched the total attendance of both tournaments.

In an attempt to beef up its show, the amateurs staged a two-day preliminary team event at which fans were encouraged to shout and whistle, just as they would at a baseball game. Before a match between Istvan Gulyas of Hungary and Frank Froehling, the umpire announced: "Please don't refrain from booing or cheering." A few people gave it a try—a whistle here, a shout there—but none of it sounded natural. At one time someone coughed just as Froehling was about to serve. Froehling turned and fixed the person with an angry stare. When Santana was playing, Andres Gimeno, his former Davis Cup teammate, now a pro, shouted: "Spaniard, go home." It was a good moment, but even Gimeno looked a little embarrassed. "Tennis is a nice, respectable game," said Gusae Moran later. "Why try to ruin it?" End of experiment.

Despite the poor lighting and sparse crowds, the play in the pro tournament was excellent and pointed up three things: Rod Laver continues to be the best player in the world, Dennis Ralston is not yet ready to take that title away from him and, finally, old Pancho Gonzalez is still the game's biggest attraction. There were only eight players in the "tournament," so it wasn't exactly Laver against the world, but he ran through Fred Stolle, Earl Buchholz and Gonzalez, losing only two sets. One of those sets went to Gonzalez, who played Laver even to 5-5 in the third set. At that point Gonzalez put on another explosive display, storming to the net to accuse Laver of quick-serving him. The tantrum boomeranged, however, as Laver ran off eight of the next 10 games to win in four sets.

It was not astonishing that Ralston, making his U.S. pro debut, was dumped out of the tournament by Buchholz in the first round—Buchholz was gunning for him and he played extremely well—but it was disappointing nonetheless. Ralston had done extremely well in Australia, playing even in 10 matches against Fred Stolle, whom he could never, *never* beat as an amateur, and holding a combined 5-2 edge over Laver and Ken Rosewall. Perhaps the reason for his good play in Australia and New Zealand was that the matches were, in effect, exhibitions.

Now that he is playing in tournaments there is more pressure, and Ralston still suffers in tight situations. It is a fault he will have to correct. Something more tangible that needs improvement is his serve. Set point against Kramer or Gonzalez and you knew either could pull it out with a big one. Set point against Ralston and he's in deep trouble.

As for Gonzalez, he is still magnificent. Pancho is 38 and his reflexes have slowed, but he is lean and fit and he knows how to play tennis. As he proved last week, it takes more than a Pierre Barthes or Andres Gimeno to beat him. And wherever Gonzalez goes, so goes the crowd. The first night he appeared from the dressing room just before his match and sat down in the temporary stands to file his callouses and wrap his fingers in adhesive tape. Laver and Stolle were close by and were nearly trampled to death by a swarm of kids who gathered around the aging giant.

The amateur tournament was more of an exhibition, played in a round-robin format on a slow, simulated-grass surface that allowed good rallies. (The pros' surface was faster—rubber stretched over board.) But even in an exhibition 22-year-old John Newcombe of Australia, who reached the finals at Forest Hills last summer, indicated that he will be tough to beat from now on. His serve is, with the possible exception of Ashe's, harder than any other amateur's. Manuel Santana, the artful Spaniard, was playing his first tournament since his ankle operation, and it was apparent that it is still giving him trouble. Edison Mandarino, the Brazilian who beat Ralston in the fifth set at Porto Alegre and thereby eliminated the U.S. from the Davis Cup, played well, saying that he liked the sound of hitting the ball in the old TV studio. Chuck McKinley bounded about the court in his usual gymnastic style, but Wall Street is taking its toll around his middle. Because the amateurs presented so many players—10 in all, some of them such relatively new faces as Hungary's Gulyas and Ion Tiriac of Rumania—it was in a way a more interesting show than the pros.

By coincidence, Herman David, the chairman of the All England Club, which runs the Wimbledon tournament, chose last week to level a blast at U.S. tennis officials for resisting open play, pointing out that weekly salaries to Davis Cup players (SI, July 18, 1966) surely makes



AGING GONZALEZ IS STILL A BIG DRAW

them professionals. "It is the quintessence of hypocrisy," he said. Mr. David is, of course, correct, although it is all of amateur tennis that is guilty. The Davis Cup salaries merely bring the money question into the open. Santana didn't come from Spain, nor Newcombe from Australia, to play for kicks. In New York last week it was a good question which group of players was making more money.

Certainly the two tournaments helped emphasize how foolish it is to keep the pros and amateurs eight blocks apart. As long as tennis continues this practice, it can expect to hold its show in dungeons and abandoned studios. It can also expect continued second-class status.

So here is a suggestion. Maybe next winter Mr. Wally Dill can get together with Mr. Geza Gazdag and perhaps the two of them can find money to lease the new Madison Square Garden. Then, if nothing better, they can hold at least a pseudo-open tournament: first match Laver-Ralston, second match Newcombe-Santana. Watch both the pros and the amateurs for the price of one ticket (and lower those prices), without the inconvenience of an eight-block walk. It's worth a try.

END



Whether he is taking off with a baton or racing on his own, Villanova's intrepid Dave Patrick gives the impression that he is ready to run with the best, including, astonishingly enough, Jim Ryun

## *Faster and better and still only No. 2*

Tacked on the door of room 124 in Sheehan Hall at Villanova University is a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover, but the face, that of a blond-haired young fellow, and the legend, "LEGS PATRICK: 3:59.3," are unfamiliar. This is not surprising since, until a few weeks ago, not very many people who lived outside of Baltimore, Mike Dave Patrick's home town, had ever heard of him. The Villanova students had, of course, and the photograph of Patrick that they had superimposed on the cover picture of pole vault record holder Bob Seagren (SI, Feb. 20) was their way of telling the world, "Watch out, Jim Ryun."

If this seems like so much undergraduate hyperbole, it is. Or is it? For a year now middle-distance runners have been living with the terrible realization that as long as Jim Ryun cares to run middle distances they are going to be second best. Lest anybody miss the point, the

Kansas sophomore underscored it in his quiet, self-effacing way last Saturday at the Big Eight championships in Kansas City with a 3:58.8 mile, .8 second faster than his record on a 12-lap track set one year before. He came back 75 minutes later to take the half mile in 1:52, and all that whispered talk that Ryun, who had had an indifferent winter season, might have really had it suddenly died.

The theory is that Dave Patrick should have died, too. But anybody who believes that does not know Dave Patrick, who is just audacious (or naive) enough to think that races are for winning, records are for breaking and great runners are for beating. He set about proving his point with the start of this indoor season, and if the frenzied enthusiasm of his schoolmates seems premature, it may be only slightly so. His 3:59.3, for instance, was definitely no mirage. Patrick ran it in Madison Square Garden last

month and, while the time shattered nobody's stopwatch, it was the first, and at that date the only, sub-four-minute mile run indoors this winter. It brought the Garden track crowd out of its lethargy and to its feet. But as impressive as that race was, his half mile in Baltimore a week later—1:49.1, a record for an 11-lap track—was clearly threatening. The boom of Ryun runaways was at least being challenged.

David Allen Patrick is 20, one year older than Ryun. He has been knocked flat, he has miscounted laps and he has ignored the tactical plans of his coach. But, with only slightly more than two years of supervised "quality training" to his credit, he has finally begun to develop brute speed. Despite all his previous shortcomings, he has been a winner. What is more, he has been a winner with faster and faster efforts.

And there is the rub, if you can imag-

ine it. Jumbo Elliott, the man who has had the job of feeding and caring for track whizzes at Villanova for 20 years, is terrified that Patrick will go too fast too soon. Steady but gradual development is what he has in mind, with a peak somewhere out there when it counts most—like *next summer*, just before the Olympics in Mexico City. Elliott's idea is fraught with logic, and his protégé Patrick is dutifully attentive. "I know I can go harder in training this year," he says, "but I don't want to burn it all out of me."

Good lad. He means it, too, but, ah, youth. The mind is willing, all right, yet there is something about people yelling at the top of their lungs that can send even the most experienced runners bolting off at the three-quarter pole. At the Track and Field Federation meet last month in New York, for instance, Elliott was standing right there, giving the easy-does-it sign. "I just caught him out of the corner of my eye," explained Patrick, "and I didn't know exactly what he meant." Perhaps not. And then there was that crowd yelling, "go, go, go," and before the coach's expression could slip from calm satisfaction to open-mouthed horror Patrick went. In fact, he went at the last quarter in 55.4, which was good for a 4:00.6 mile. The race was heroic and promising and crowd-pleasing but definitely not what Elliott had in mind—not yet.

Basketball was what Dave Patrick had in mind as a ninth-grader at Stemmers Run Junior High School outside of Baltimore—not that he showed much promise at it. But the game seemed a likely outlet for an energetic 13-year-old (he was 5'6" and weighed 125). Patrick's older brother, Leonard, who was a half-miler of some note at the University of Maryland then, knew that Dave was never going to dribble his way into college and suggested he try track. Dave said, "Why not?" and entered a cross-country race. He won it, and that was the end of basketball and the start of an unrelenting obsession with running faster than anyone else.

Patrick not only took to racing off across the wilderness but he began to spend long hours in the library, reading about celebrated dream chasers. He pored over books on running and even old record ledgers made his blood run fast. "I used to sit there memorizing

times, analyzing them, comparing them. I couldn't get enough of it," he said last week. Quite naturally, Patrick took in every big meet he could get to. He saw Jim Beatty and Tom O'Hara go under four minutes indoors and his blond hair stood straight up.

Before he was finished with high school, Patrick had a 4:12.4 mile to his credit and enough injuries to keep his mother, his coach and a doctor in a continual state of agitation. Discouraging the normal pulls and strains, he managed to fracture a foot in a cross-country race and, one day, to clomp down solidly on a horseshoe stake, running it into his leg just below his knee. Twelve stitches closed up the almost crippling wound, but young Patrick fouled up his recovery by running in a most unnatural fashion. His hip, as a result, developed a distressing habit of hopping out of joint, usually in the middle of a race.

Still, a 4:12 mile is nothing to sneeze at, and Elliott was happy to welcome Patrick on a scholarship to Villanova. By nature a most unassuming young man who even now seems slightly embarrassed by all the wild things eastern newspapers write about him, Patrick was not the type to expect hurrahs merely for showing up. And a good thing, too, for Villanova is a particularly tough place for young milers, mostly because they have to follow the toughest kind of act—Ron Delany, the Irish runner who was unbeatable for four years.

In grim truth, no one was clicking his heels over Patrick's freshman efforts. He did manage to get his time down to 4:09.6 before the year was out, but Elliott was expecting more, much more. It was a question of learning a whole new system. Elliott's idea of building great milers was, and still is, to send them sprinting off for short distances—"quality runs," he calls them—the idea being that endurance will get you there but it takes pure speed, especially in that last quarter, to win important races. Until he had studied under Elliott, Patrick's idea of preparing for his specialty was to run steady, formful laps, as many as he could manage. It took a year of frustrating speed drills before anything significant began to happen. Then, a year ago, Elliott snapped off his stop-watch and turned on his widest Irish grin. Patrick was not just doing half miles, he

was running them, and suddenly Elliott knew that his willowy kid with the smooth style had a real kick.

It took more time, however, before Patrick realized just how good he could be. The first awakening came at the collegiate indoor championships in Detroit on a final leg of a two-mile relay last spring when he was handed the baton with 20 yards to be made up on the leader. He almost caught his man, got second place and won four more points for Villanova. At the NCAA outdoor championships Patrick went in the mile race, kicking out with that long stride (not as long as Ryan's but long enough for the race). With 440 yards left he turned on all that fine new speed and won it easily in 4:02.1. It was then that Patrick decided to take a course in public speaking.

But several weeks afterward came what could have been a psychological blockbuster for all milers not named Jim Ryan—Ryan's world-record 3:51.3. Just hearing the time was enough to send challengers scurrying off to investigate new specialties. Patrick, to make matters worse, was one of those aspirants who had the more unsettling experience of seeing Ryan's massacre, and his reaction was not devoid of logic. "That time is unreal," Patrick told himself. "Ryan is up there on a cloud all by himself and I don't know if I can get on it with him."

That was before Patrick had developed faith in his own speed. He ran in Europe last summer and gained more confidence despite the fact that almost nobody paid serious attention to him. Then this winter a triumph of note came in the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden. Not that it was particularly formful. It certainly was bizarre, though. No sooner had the gun sounded than Patrick was pummeled by what obviously was an octopus jockeying for position. All was confusion when a stray leg sent him cartwheeling toward the Eighth Avenue exit. Fortunately the recall was sounded. It was better the second time, except somewhere along the line Patrick lost count of the laps and started his final kick at least a lap too soon. "When I realized I had counted wrong it was too late to do anything," he said later, "so I just kept going." Some mistake. He won the Baxter Mile by 12 yards.

continued

It's become the British habit.

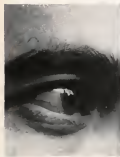


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#### TRACK *continued*

Then came the race in New York in which student Patrick ignored teacher Elliott's traffic signs and, finally, the first sub-four-minute mile of the season, which came close to never happening. Elliott had called Meet Director Ray Lumpp to announce that Patrick was anxious to shift to the half mile. "You can't do that to me," wailed Lumpp. "You'll kill the mile." So back to the mile it was. The trouble was that Patrick had been readying himself for the shorter race with hard sprints and he came into New York with aching legs. No matter. He loves these noisy crowds, and former Villanova Miller Fred Dwyer told him just before the race: "If you hit the three-quarter pole in 3:02, take off." Patrick was 3:02.1 at the appointed place, having just passed Tim Danielson, the fine Brigham Young freshman, Patrick burst out in a sprint. Up came the crowd, blinkety-blink went the clock and pop went the tape.

Last Saturday, Patrick ran his slowest mile in many months: 4:09.4. No need to fret. First of all, he fell down the steps in Sheehan Hall the Wednesday before the meet, slightly spraining his ankle. Second, the field at the ICAA meet was just this much smaller than a King Ranch cattle herd, meaning that numerous heats were in order. And third, Elliott, who has an exhausting knack of winning this meet, decided to exhaust Patrick by entering him in the two-mile relay as well as the mile. It all added up to four races in one day. Patrick won a mile trial, brought his team into the relay finals with a 1:53.2 half, won the mile and 25 minutes later anchored the relay team with a 1:51.7 half, good enough for second place. Villanova won the meet, which was the point.

All this recent work and success has done wonders for Patrick's confidence. "I'm anxious to meet Ryan. In fact, after every meet I'm more and more anxious to meet him," he says, and that alone makes him unique among middle-distance men. This week he gets his chance in Detroit at the NCAA championships. Ryan will be running the mile, the half and possibly even a relay. Dave Patrick can choose his race. If he does not win he will give Jim Ryan the strongest challenge he has seen in a year and middle-distance compatriots can take heart in that. There must be some spot on the U.S.'s 1968 Olympic team for a runner who is only No. 2. **END**



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## The Sunshine Circuit goes into eclipse

More than half of a once flourishing group of Florida shows have vanished in a turmoil of confused disputes, although the few that managed to function this season attracted surprisingly large entry lists

Florida's Sunshine Circuit, which basked briefly as a major and money-laden event on the horse-show scene, has crashed about as drastically as did Humpty Dumpty. The chances are that it will never be put back together again exactly as it was, thanks to a shambles of financial problems and personal misunderstandings. Most of last year's exhibitors, although paid off by the individual shows, are still awaiting their circuit money, and if these people are not exactly eligible for the poverty program, many are bitterly vocal when they are not paid their winnings. Of the seven seemingly healthy Sunshine shows, only three were able to operate—under a different circuit name—this year.

The collapse was caused not only by a lack of money but also by poor liaison among the individual shows making up the circuit and battles among the board members of some of the shows, which split or foundered. The circuit was originally set up to benefit all the shows and ample stakes money was passed around. Winter Haven gave the biggest purses to jumpers and roadsters, Delray to the working hunters, Miami to the green jumpers, and so on. In order to keep a stable from going only to the one show where the real money was offered in its division, 50% was paid at the actual event, the remainder at a concluding banquet for members of the circuit who had competed in a required number of available shows. This arrangement should have worked to everyone's advantage, and for a few years it did. But at the 1966 circuit banquet the winners received ribbons but no money, and only recently have a few checks started to trickle through the mail.

According to John A. Snively Jr., then president of the circuit, this prize money was offered not by the Florida Citrus Commission, as many believed, but by individual members of the citrus industry who did not care to have their

names used. Whatever the source, the question remains: Where is the money?

Some observers believe that Snively is slowly paying off out of his own pocket. Once active in the defunct Winter Haven show, Snively says, "I've put \$100,000 into this, but until the horse people are ready to cooperate, we can forget about it here. . . . When I put on another show it'll be an independent one. . . . To hell with those fellows [other horsemen]; I don't give a damn what they do." The feeling, it seemed, was mutual.

The Miami show, one of the oldest, had a different set of problems. It had outgrown the Dinner Key Auditorium some time ago and Convention Hall proved to be too costly. So the all-division show was moved outdoors to South Miami and there exhibitors on the board and in the ring proceeded to battle among themselves for the interests of their own breeds. Last year Miami split in two, with saddle-oriented types returning to Dinner Key while the hunter-jumpers continued outdoors.

Meanwhile, Orlando, which appeared in the Sunshine Circuit two years ago ostensibly to accommodate the saddle horses, roadsters, walking horses and ponies while the hunters and jumpers were in Delray, also expired. The original understanding with Delray was that Orlando could hold classes for local hunter and jumper exhibitors as well, but it managed to siphon off enough entries from Delray to guarantee hostilities. The attitude of the Delray people was that they paid for their membership in the Sunshine Circuit and were entitled to protection from such depredations.

Lake City, a member last year, vanished this year, still owing the Miami show either rental or purchase money for its portable stalls. Some of the Miami contingent were embittered, understandably, to see the stalls being rented by Lake City to Gainesville.

So, in this seething atmosphere of

hurt feelings, animosity and financial uncertainty, the truncated Florida circuit staged its remaining shows and, surprisingly enough, they were a long way from being a flop. With no offer of big money, the exhibitors still arrived in substantial numbers, proving that people are hungry for shows. More than 500 horses and ponies turned up at Gainesville, presenting an overwhelmed management with nearly 50% more entries than ever before. The Gainesville grounds are about as unadorned as they come, but there is room for expansion, so an extra tent was hastily set up. Then it started to rain. The first day's performance was canceled, and the evening program would have disappeared into the mire as well but S. M. Wall ordered in his heavy earth-moving equipment and scraped inches of mud from A ring. B ring, a casual affair marked by poles and tape, had no electricity but, fortunately, was not needed that evening. Later, however, as the show tried to make up its canceled classes, some events were held in near darkness in that ring. Since only an owl with a judge's license could have reached a proper decision, those events were protested and had to be rejudged in the morning. The amiable and amateur Gainesville management struggled manfully with these difficulties, and most exhibitors took the delays and confusion with good humor. Two riders from Great Britain, Althea Roger-Smith and Anneli Drummond-Hay, who arrived in Florida before learning the circuit's problems, had fairly typical reactions. "We were quite frightened at first," said Anneli, a 28-year-old horsewoman from Perth, Scotland, "but everyone has been very nice and we have had a fine time." Her 11-year-old brown gelding, Merely-A-Monarch, a freak out of a pony mare by a Thoroughbred horse, was the jumper champion at all three circuit shows, so Anneli had good reason to be pleased.

END

# WOULD YOU LET THIS MAN INTERVIEW YOU?

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If the answer is yes, you might wind up feeling like the defendant at a murder trial. The man is Howard Cosell, a nasal-voiced ex-lawyer who is quick to let you know he is the best sportscaster around **BY MYRON COPE**

CONTINUED







**O**h, this horizontal ladder of mediocrity," sighs Howard Cosell, ruminating on the people who make up the radio-television industry, which pays him roughly \$175,000 a year. "There's one thing about this business: there is no place in it for talent. That's why I don't belong. I lack sufficient mediocrity."

Cosell fondles a martini at a table in the Warwick bar, across the street from American Broadcasting Company headquarters. Anguish clouds his homely face. His long nose and pointed ears loom over his gin in the fashion of a dive bomber swooping in with fighter escort. "This is a terrible business," he says. It being the cocktail hour, the darkened room is packed with theatrical and Madison Avenue types. A big blonde, made up like Harlow the day after a bender, dominates a nearby table, encircled by sprundly, effete little men. Gentlemen in blue suits, with vests, jam the bar. A stocky young network man pauses at Cosell's table and cheerfully asks if he might drop by Cosell's office some day soon. Cosell says certainly, whereupon the network man joins a jovial crowd at the bar. "He just got fired," Cosell whispers. "He doesn't know I already know." The man, he is positive, wants his help, but what is Cosell to do when there are men getting fired every week?

"This is the roughest, toughest, cruellest jungle in the world," Cosell grieves. A waiter brings him a phone, and he orders a limousine and chauffeur from a rental agency. He cannot wait to retreat to his rustic fireside in Pound Ridge up in Westchester County. It is Monday evening, barely the beginning of another long week in which he, Howard W. Cosell, middle-aged and tiring, must stand against the tidal wave of mediocrity, armed only with his brilliance and integrity.

It has been only 11 years since Cosell quit a New York law practice to become a sportscaster. Yet here he is, the most controversial figure in the business, an opinionated lone wolf in a profession populated by pretty-faced ex-ath-

letes and fence-straddling play-by-play announcers who see angry sponsors under their beds. Teen-agers and adult athletes and men in neighborhood saloons do imitations of his nasally ascerbic voice, which assaults millions on 30 radio and TV shows a week. His interviews with Muhammad Ali are the Hope Diamond in ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, television's most successful sports series. (To the disgust or titillation of viewers, Cosell meticulously addresses the heavyweight champion by his Muslim name. Privately he stridently defends the right to be known by the name of one's choice, however exotic, but after tossing off a few Muhammad Alis he lapses into Casius Clays.)

Then there is Cosell the producer—the president of Legend Productions, Inc. His sports documentaries command prime network time, and the praise they attract from critics, Cosell hastens to point out, is "unbelievable." His intellect surpasses the boundaries of sports. Each Sunday night, 10 to 11 on New York radio, he may be heard grilling the likes of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and Mayor John V. Lindsay on affairs of the day, sometimes turning the interviews into Cosell-vs.-whomever debates, in which he acts as both contestant and judge. "I'm getting to you, Bill," he tells Conservative William F. Buckley Jr. "Now, before we're done, you're going to be defeated. You *know* that."

Yet, most of all, Cosell's forward progress stems from the fact that, alone among sportscasters of national stature, he works at his trade. He goes out and looks for news and personalities, instead of waiting for gossip at Toots Shor's.

"If you say 'Manny Mota' to Howard Cosell, he knows something about Manny Mota," says Leonard Koppett of *The New York Times*. "If you say 'Manny Mota' to lots of the others in that field, you're going to get a blank stare or statistics they read on a file card."

Cosell is not the least bit reluctant to make it clear at every opportunity that he knows a lot of things about a lot of things. "I'm not the greatest man in the world," he says, careful to set the record

straight, "but I've brought to this business the direct, honest and total reporting that previously has been the sole province of the press." Answering Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle's call for a major press conference, Cosell plunges into a folding chair in the first row of the press section, where he is within range of cameras and microphones. Rozelle sits on a sofa, flanked by Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm and Kansas City Owner Lamar Hunt. The commissioner announces that the NFL and AFL are about to merge. Soon Cosell's voice clamors for Rozelle's attention like pots and pans falling off a shelf. He demands to know if the AFL has forced the merger by secretly making huge offers to NFL stars. "You *know* that it's true," he tells Rozelle.

"No, I do not know that it's true," Rozelle replies, evenly.

"I know that it's true," Cosell trumpets. He turns to Lamar Hunt, demanding a confession. Hunt equivocates. "You mean you're negotiating for your league without knowing what your league is doing?" Cosell persists.

"I've tried to answer your question," says Hunt. Painstakingly courteous, Hunt is a Wally Cox type, though he is worth hundreds of millions. "I don't mean to be abrupt," he apologizes.

"It's not a question of being abrupt, Lamar," Cosell breaks in, his voice threatening to shatter Hunt's spectacles. "It's a question of being evasive at a time when the American people are entitled to know the truth!"

The American people lose, but Howard Cosell wins another press conference. "You've got to treat Howard the way he treats you," says Columnist Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*. "You've got to throw his flamboyant junk back in his face. He asks better questions than the other radio and TV interviewers, but he hokes up his questions so that actually they sound better than they are. 'Now, truthfully'—it's always 'truthfully,' as if it's a question the guy on the other end has been ducking—people insist that you—people don't say it, they insist it—that you can-

*continued*

A large photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The man is wearing a light blue double-breasted suit jacket and dark trousers. The woman is wearing a purple sleeveless dress and white heels. They are standing in front of a stone balustrade with lush greenery and a sunset sky in the background.

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not take a punch, Muhammad Ali. Now, truthfully, can you take a punch?" The Cosell manner, observes Larry Merchant of the *New York Post*, manages "to make the world of fun and games sound like the Nuremberg trials."

Meanwhile, brimming with editorial comment, Cosell has gone after Casey Stengel and George Weiss, the New York Giants and NCAA foot ball, Floyd Patterson and the sporting press, and all varieties of commissioners and leagues. Though ABC's New York radio outlet carries the Jets' games, he campaigned vigorously last fall against Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank, whom he dismisses as "passé." In short, Cosell has traveled a course hardly calculated to take him to the goal that practically all sportscasters covet: a play-by-play assignment. He could not care less. "I'm a personality," he specifies. "With rare exceptions, they don't make them that way in the sports business anymore."

Play-by-play announcers, Cosell goes on, are nothing but shills for the ball clubs, and anybody who expects inquisitive journalism from them is a dunce. "Today the football games are a series of match-ups to see who leads in blimp shots," Cosell cries. Why would a man of his gifts want any part of such prosaic routine? "There is no way you will ever hear me saying"—and here he lowers his voice to a dulcet whisper—"This is Howard Cosell on the 16th green . . . 420 yards to the pin, with a dogleg to the left. . . . Up to this point, only four golfers have equaled par. . . ." With a shudder, Cosell pictures himself on the professional bowling circuit. "Can you imagine Howard Cosell saying, 'Wayne Zahn approaching the line . . . beautiful delivery!'" Does David Brinkley cover supermarket openings?

Anyhow, Cosell's forte is the interview. Years ago he decided that he would not go around asking athletes how they field ground balls or condition their hamstring tendons. They are intelligent, sensitive men, he argued; he would persuade them to bare their souls. "Look at Mantle!" Cosell says. "He did a half-hour show with me, and he felt like he had had a cathartic. He felt cleansed. Joe Namath! The kid poured his heart out to

me. Colonel Red Blaik, who was supposed to be a martinet, an icicle, he opened up like a sieve. He said, 'Young man, this is the finest conversation I've ever had.'" Except when a natural comedian such as Cassius Clay appears on Cosell's show, the world of sports remains a lugubrious place, a bonanza of pathos that Cosell has barely begun to mine. "Someday," he promises, "I'm going to do a show on Roger Maris—*The American Tragedy*."

The athlete who can fend off a Cosell interview has not been born. "Damn you, Koufax," he once said when, shortly before game time, Sandy Spaldet at racing from the clubhouse to redo a film Cosell's technicians had fouled up. "You were a little nothing sitting in the corner of the Brooklyn dugout when I used to come around and talk to you," Koufax went along quietly.

Sonny Liston, having heard Cosell describe him on the air as a congenial thug, glared at him in his training camp and said, "You ain't my friend." "That's true," Cosell answered. He then launched into a speech, the gist of which was that, like Sonny and all the rest of the world's slob, he had a living to earn. The next thing Liston knew, Cosell was walking him along a windswept beach where a bitter-gray sky supplied a backdrop for such questions as, did Liston throw the first Clay fight, and was he owned by gangsters?

Having elected to introduce journalism into sportscasting, Cosell has had to plow through a gauntlet of carping sponsors, station executives and ad salesmen, all bent on convincing him that it is safer to read ball scores off a ticker tape. "It may be that my greatest accomplishment was my mere survival," he declares. There he was, putting the finishing touches on a one-hour documentary, *The Yankee from Texas*, the story of Johnny Keane, when a breathless ABC man staggered into his office, crying, "We gotta rewrite the opening!" The opening was a film clip of Budweiser Baron Gussie Busch reading with great embarrassment Keane's letter of resignation from his post as manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. (The scene was opera bouffe, for Busch earlier had decided to fire Keane

but then changed his mind after Keane managed the Cardinals to the 1964 pennant at the wire. Keane, however, considered himself fired and decided to stay fired.) The opening was a natural, except for the fact that Pubst was the principal sponsor of *The Yankee from Texas*. Now Pubst had phoned from Milwaukee and said, "Get Busch out of the opening."

"We are not rewriting any opening," Cosell informed the ABC man who had relayed the command to him. "Get me Milwaukee on the phone." Moments later Cosell's voice drilled into Milwaukee: "You gonna keep it a secret that Gussie Busch fired him? You gonna keep it a secret? You people have been talking about being stand-up guys. If you make us pull Busch out of the show, you're fakes!"

Busch stayed in the show.

Although every crisis plunges Cosell into a chasm of gloom, he requires only a reminder of his own genius to rebound strongly. The morning after Green Bay walloped Kansas City in the Super Bowl, Cosell sailed into his office at 10 a.m. crowing, "Just what I predicted! Just what I predicted on the air, right down to naming Willie Wood!" Cosell had known all along, he said, that Green Bay's pass coverage would be to the outside but that sooner or later Safety Man Wood would slip inside to intercept and turn the tide. "I said, 'The hero, the guy who will break the game open, will be Willie Wood.'" Cosell let his words fly into the corridor and fill every office on the sixth floor of the ABC Building, where he is called Coach, a title he revels in. "Of course," he added, "I've been wrong a million times in my predictions."

Cosell arose from behind his desk, launching into an explanation of why he knows so much. He demanded to know if any reporter in the world can match his connections with sports figures. Famous names—men who are, as he put it, his very, very dear friends—rolled from his tongue. He surged into his Big Story voice, biting off his phrases dramatically, as he often does in off-duty monologues.

"I'm the guy . . . who gets to Lombardi! I'm the guy . . . who gets letters from Pancho Gonzalez! I'm the guy . . .

*continued*

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## COSELL *(continued)*

Champagne Tony Lema visited the very day he got back from the British Open, one week before his tragic death." Cosell's voice fell to a hush. "We sat on the veranda . . . and I said, 'Tony, when it's all over and done, how do you want to be remembered?' And he said, 'I guess I just want to be remembered as Tony Lema—nice guy.' I said, 'How about Tony Lema, glamour guy?' And he said, 'Yeah, I'd like that, if it doesn't carry the wrong implication.'" Cosell paused to let five seconds of silence grip the scene. He resumed in a whisper. "And then I got out a bottle of bubbly . . . and said, 'Shall we?' Tony Lema said, 'Why not? I'll open it.' He popped it open and said, 'Cheers.' And I said, 'Cheers.' Later I got a letter from him . . . the morning after he died. I read it . . . and I cried."

Now Cosell ticked off more famous names, pacing the floor of his office, although unable to take more than two steps in any direction. The room is little more than a cubicle—exactly like hundreds of other white-walled cubicles that line the stark-white corridors of the ABC skyscraper, a building that in Cosell's words has "a public-toilet whiteness about it that's frightening." He is the network's national sports director for radio and its New York sports director for television, but one wonders if his cramped quarters are the means by which the corporation's upper echelon reminds him he is still a sports reporter. When *Wide World* has a tough interview to cope with, Cosell is called in to handle it, but rumors persist that he gives the brass indigestion.

At 3:05 Cosell shoveled his ungainly frame into a cab and set off for ABC's West 66th Street studios to tape a two-minute essay for the 11 o'clock news on WABC-TV, the network's New York station. In a pocket of his camel's hair overcoat he carried a hairpiece (which he keeps stored in a shoebox in his desk) that lengthens his receding hairline, though not to the extent of lying about his age. In his head, as the cab weaved through traffic, he created his essay. Cosell never works from a script and rarely knows exactly what he is going to say until he is on the air.

"You're wasting your love on me,"

he cried to a receptionist as he loped through the lobby of the 66th Street building. In another minute he was tearing past a second-floor newsroom, shouting at the staff, "Willie Wood! Willie Wood! You know where you first heard it?" He paused in a dressing room to have his face powdered, then emerged at the head of an iron staircase that descended into a huge studio cluttered with equipment and crew. "The coach is here!" Cosell announced. He planted himself at a lectern, awaiting his cue, and then rattled off an editorial censuring Lamar Hunt for putting bush-league football on the same field with the Green Bay Packers. His show completed, Cosell then censured his director for having put Lamar Hunt's picture on a screen that stood behind him and to his left. The cameras had had to divert from Cosell in order to film Hunt.

Cosell raced back to ABC headquarters and entered a glass-enclosed room on the eighth floor to do a 4½-minute radio show. "I can break the story now," he barked into a microphone. Charlie Finley, he said, was at it again, stealthily laying plans to move his Kansas City Athletics to Oakland. Having exposed Finley, Cosell turned from the mike and cried, "That, you see, is a sports show! Not a case of day-old wire copy about Max McGee retiring. I broke a story." The *Times* probably would have given the scoop two inches, but there was no holding Cosell. "Now, that show was a contribution journalistically," Cosell centered to an elevator, calling over his shoulder to a secretary, "Oh, Shirley, if only I could have you one more time."

"One more time!" Shirley shrieked, careful to let the office know there hadn't been a first time. But Cosell was gone.

Arriving home that night, Cosell flung off his jacket, his tie, his shoes, his socks, and sprawled barefoot in a living-room chair. He accepted a martini from his wife, Em, a pleasant woman with light-brown hair, and gazed happily into a roaring fire. The Cosells, with two attractive young daughters and an Irish setter named Kelly, live on 11 acres of woodland in a lodge-style house made of cedar and fieldstone and adjoined by a pool. Away from the radio-TV jungle,

*continued*



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## **COSELL** *continued*

a curious change comes over Cosell. He speaks softly, with an occasional dash of humor that is missing in his broadcasts. "If you don't know Cosell well," says Sports writer Maury Allen of the *New York Post*, "the only side of him that comes out is this business of being on all the time. I've found him to be a man of great depth, honesty and knowledge."

In an industry rife with intrigue, not even Cosell's detractors accuse him of having backstabbed his way to the top. He praises colleagues exuberantly when impressed by a job they've done, but he has earned enmity by also telling them straight out—ABC's Chris Schenkel was one—that he caught their latest show and, by God, it was awful.

For all his suggestive sallies to secretaries (a form of false dash that serves to announce his presence), Cosell is considered the original square by an industry that is full of swingers. He is completely at ease only with his family and is dedicated to the proposition that in five more years he will have enough money to get out of the jungle and retire to Florida. When off on a major assignment—for example, a Clay fight via satellite from Europe—he practically trembles at the prospect that he will do a clumsy job and thereby play into the hands of a press that he is certain is lusty to rip him. Says Chet Forte, Cosell's producer on the satellite fight shows: "It's always Emi, Emi, Emi—I gotta phone Emi. I oughta be home. I gotta see what Emi thinks of the way we're going to do this show." I don't know if she builds him up or what, but after he phones her he seems to snap out of it.

A pillar of equanimity, Emi attends to her Pound Ridge house, unnerved only when she overhears townspeople mutter an epithet they apply to Cosell whenever he has done a show with draft dodger Clay. Pound Ridgers being a cultivated lot, they attack Cosell in the dialogue of the times. "Dove," they sneer.

Actually, Cosell himself served a brilliant, if not exactly action-packed, military career. Born Howard William Cohen, he grew up in Brooklyn, the son of a Jewish immigrant from Poland who worked as an accountant for a chain of credit clothing stores. Cosell inspired ear-



ly to become a newspaper reporter, but Isidore and Nellie Cohen urged him into the law. At New York University he made Phi Beta Kappa, became an editor of the Law Review and upon his graduation in 1940 landed a job with a substantial firm. But when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in '41 Cosell enlisted in the Army as a private, though he was destined for Officer Candidate School and lofty rank. He spent the war commuting by subway to his station at the New York Port of Embarkation on the Brooklyn docks, a situation the neighbors viewed with bitterness.

"Oh, I well remember the Minsky widow," he says. "Her husband was the burlesque king, remember? She couldn't stand the sight of me coming home every day, first with a gold bar, now with a silver bar, now two silver bars, now a gold leaf. I could understand this. She had a son serving in the Marines, on Guadalcanal." Cosell himself had become the boy wonder of the Port—a key brain who juggled a manpower pool of 50,000. Twice the Pentagon blocked his promotion to major on the ground that he was moving up too swiftly for a Stateside functionary, and he got the promotion only when Major General Homer M. Grominger, the Port commander, fired off a six-page letter that all but described him as the cornerstone of the war effort.

**N**ever having been keen on lawyer's work, Cosell emerged from the Army in 1946 bent on landing an executive position in personnel relations. He figured he had a useful connection, for he had married a WAC sergeant, Mary-Edith (Emi) Abrams, whose father, Norman Ross Abrams, was a prominent industrialist. The Abrams family, a Presbyterian mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch and Welsh, at that time had reservations about Emi's mixed marriage. Father-in-law told Cosell he had no opening. "I was looking for \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year," Cosell says. "I was a 24-year-old snot." (Perhaps he wasn't. The birth date on his Army records made him a 27-year-old snot. It also makes him 48 today, although the ABC publicity

*continues*

**"I get the kids in this way...and Harry gets his stuff in that way!"**



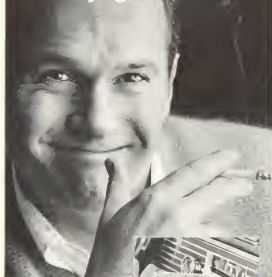
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## COSCELL continues

department says he is 46.) Undaunted, Cosell confidently wrote to a former service comrade, an executive of Fisher Body, who coolly replied with a list of recommended college courses.

"I was in general discomfort," sighs Cosell. "Subliminally, I was sensitive about a Jew's place in industry. But I determined to rid myself of this crutch-type thinking." (It did not occur to him that he was a natural for sportscasting. His mother remembers him talking at 9 months.) Cosell saw no choice but to resume the practice of law.

Eight years later, in 1954, the Little League catapulted Cosell to fame. Having drawn up a Little League charter for an American Legion post, he received a call from an ABC program manager asking if he would furnish a panel of kiddies to interview athletes on a weekly series of coast-to-coast radio shows. Radio was in a disheveled state, dying. Not surprisingly, the program manager suggested as an afterthought that Cosell be moderator—without pay. He leaped at the chance. Although an unknown, he corralled big-name guests by laying siege to hotel lobbies where baseball players congregated. He wooed them with free lunches—Wally Moon, Al Kaline, Fred Hutchinson. "We made news with that show," Cosell shouts. "Out of the mouths of babes came words of wisdom and depth!" Under Cosell's deft direction the brats conned Hank Bauer into putting the blast on Casey Stengel for platooning him.

When, in 1956, the network offered Cosell \$250 to do 10 five-minute sports broadcasts each weekend, he immediately decided to abandon his legal work. It moved too slowly to suit him. "My disposition," he announced to his wife, "demands the immediacy of translation of effort into result!" So go translate, Emi told him.

Seeking exposure wherever he could find it, Cosell persuaded a men's adventure magazine to publish a monthly column called *Cosell's Clubhouse*. (The magazine dressed up the column with a cut that rather suggested a benign aardvark leaning against a doghouse.) His editor, Ray Robinson, who today is articles editor of *Good Housekeeping*, re-

calls the aplomb with which Cosell stepped up in class. "Well," Cosell greeted Robinson some years after the *Clubhouse* column had run its course, "are you still with that witless magazine?"

Seizing the attention of radio listeners, Cosell trampled the rules of sports-casting etiquette. Chet Forte, the producer, was a Columbia basketball star when he first met Cosell and consented to go on his radio show. "What sort of questions are you going to ask me, Howard?" Forte inquired.

"Don't worry, kid," Cosell reassured him. "It'll be a fine show."

Cosell then leaned into the mike and introduced Forte as the nation's leading scorer, a dazzling little man with an uncanny shooting touch. Then Cosell asked his first question. "Chet, is it true that some of your teammates hate to pass to you because you shoot so much?" The audience next heard the sound of Forte sucking in his breath.

Hustling to the scene wherever sports news was being made, Cosell sent chills up the spines of the working press as he trumpeted his way into press conferences and clubhouses. "He comes into a room as if nothing possibly could have happened before he got there," says one sportswriter. Cosell himself points out that when he walks into the Yankee clubhouse, for example, Manager Ralph Houk at once turns his way, ignoring the newspapermen around him. "I'm sensitive to this situation and embarrassed by it," Cosell says. Somehow, his words translate to mean he's delighted by it.

Yet as he grew in prominence Cosell at times seemed like a man trying to scale the side of the ABC Building while people stood at the windows hurling buckets of water in his face. Gossip has it that Thomas W. Moore, who in 1958 became an ABC vice-president in charge of programming en route to the presidency of ABC-TV, considered shoveling Cosell into an obscure bin and replacing him with Tom Hammon. Even if the rumor sprang from no basis in fact, it is likely that it raced through the company's power structure and created resistance to Cosell.

He pressed on, however. On the New

*Continued*

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## COSELL continued

York front he undertook to personally reshape the future of the Mets, and on a national level he hitched his wagon to a force that not even the U.S. Government has been able to sidetrack—Muhammad Ali, of course. The bumbling Mets, adored by New Yorkers, caused Cosell to draw back in horror. "I'm suspicious of anything that causes kids to fall in love with futility," he says. WABC was broadcasting the Mets' games during their first two seasons, 1962 and 1963, and Cosell was assigned to do the pregame and postgame shows—a stunt that normally consists of reassuring the audience that the home team will come back strong. Cosell, however, plunged into a campaign to drive Manager Casey Stengel out of town. The outcome, instead, was that the Mets and WABC parted company, although Cosell insists it was the station, not the ball club, that asked for the divorce. "We didn't want to be identified with a loser," he explains. In any case, Cosell kept after Stengel on his various shows, and with a sense of accomplishment describes his role in the 1966 resignation of front-office boss George Weiss and the promotion of Weiss's successor, Bing Devine.

"I felt George had led me to believe he was going to unload Stengel," says Cosell, his tone that of a Senate majority leader whom the White House has double crossed. "I only turned on George when I found out he had no intention of unloading Stengel." Casey's resignation in 1965 did not mollify Cosell. "Now here comes Bing Devine into the picture—Bing Devine joins the Mets' front office. One of my dearest friends. He stayed with me at Pound Ridge. So then I went to work on getting rid of Weiss so Bing could get the job. Well, I don't mean I got rid of George, but I poured it on. And I'm sure he stayed an extra year because I poured it on."

Meanwhile, legions of television viewers across the country were taking notice of Cosell, partly because they found it incredible that any white American male would throw his arm around Cassius Clay and with a straight face treat him to the Muhammads that even Clay's Negro opponents are reluctant to utter. A

northern newspaper labeled Cosell a White Muslim. White supremacists and parents of servicemen wrote him a flood of strong letters, successfully ruining his mornings. (A single critical letter brings from him tortured cries that can be heard five doorways down the corridor. "I worry about the mass intelligence of this country," he says at such times. "I really do.") Actually, Cosell once attacked Clay's Muslim camp followers for their rudeness and on a satellite telecast nearly squelched the champion in one of his eulogies to the teacher Elijah. "Awwright, we've been through that," Cosell broke in.

Whether or not he first catered to Clay because he foresaw the alliance would mean national attention, a genuine friendship seemed to develop between the two. At Cosell's urging, Clay delayed his fight with Henry Cooper 18 minutes, infuriating British boxing officials, so that ABC could finish telecasting its preflight show. "Howard worries about the kid," Chet Forte said shortly before Clay's February victory over Ernie Terrell. "I think he dreads the day when that kid loses. But if anything ever happens to the champ he'll turn around and look for Howard and Howard will be there." In the aftermath of the Terrell fight, however, a layer of frost settled over their relationship. On *Wide World of Sports* Clay demanded Cosell defend him against charges that he had taunted and fouled Terrell. Cosell refused, triggering a shouting match that in turn brought Cosell a barrage of letters accusing him of picking on Clay, to say nothing of being anti-Negro. Another morning ruined.

Although Clay may now be an exception, the people who work closely with Cosell usually enjoy the relationship. "Howard, you are not an insufferable egotist," one such man told him recently. "You are a sufferable egotist." Cosell was incredulous. "Do you really think I'm an egotist?" he said, wounded.

At any rate, he does not insist upon being the whole show. He has brought the television sports documentary to adulthood by hiring talented writers and then keeping his nose out of their work. "Documentary writing is lousy work,"

continued

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says Jerry Izenberg, who wrote Cosell's *Pro Football's Savage Marriage: Sowsy, Mowey and Merger*, a highly acclaimed study of the war between the football leagues, "because what happens is you get a producer-director who puts together a lot of film clips and then says, 'Write a script.' Cosell, on the other hand, puts the horse in front of the cart, and you don't end up writing bridge lines for guys catching passes."

Laying plans for *Sowsy, Mowey and Merger*, Cosell called his talent together. "What's your concept for the music?" he asked a short Middle European named Vladimir Selensky.

"First of all," said Selensky, "you do not want football music. You want something totally different."

Cosell glanced at an ad salesman in the room. The salesman's eyes carried an alarm that cried, "It'll never sell!"

"What do you have in mind?" Cosell patiently asked Selensky.

"I want storm clouds. I want tension. I want an all-is-not-well feeling."

Silence blanketed the room. Selensky turned to Izenberg, searching for support. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I like it," Izenberg said.

"You," Selensky informed him, "have a soul. You may call me Vlady."

**C**osell, measuring the convictions of his talent against those of his ad salesman, instructed Selensky to put together the storm clouds and bring them in. When Selensky did so, Cosell listened to no more than five bars. "Perfect!" he cried and walked away, knowing that the music (which was to endow the football war with all the intensity of a mid-winter battle at the gates of Moscow) was in the hands of a professional.

If only the people on the industry's horizontal ladder of mediocrity would leave him alone, Cosell would remain at peace. As it is, he charged angrily from his office one recent morning, shouting over his shoulder at a nicely barbered blond man who trailed in his wake. (The man wanted Cosell to find no less than 24 sports events every weekend and assign network radio announcers to interview the stars of each event by phone.)

Cosell flung himself into an elevator. "Do you think," he bellowed as the doors slammed closed in the blond man's face, "that a mass audience is going to be interested in *barrel jumping*?"

The next day Cosell sat at his cocktail-hour post in the Warwick bar, his shoulders slumping, his face a mask of agony. "I am tired," he said, "morally, mentally, emotionally, physically, I am tired." The forces of ignorance had struck again this very day. A radio station in an AFL city—Cosell would not say which one—had disliked his latest critique on AFL football and had notified ABC that it was dropping all Cosell shows. (A couple of weeks later they were reinstated.)

"I have lived a lifetime with this kind of thing," Cosell said. "The impact of Howard Cosell on radio is enormous. People love him or hate him. Local yokels pressure the stations. The guy who runs the station in this AFL city said, 'You have destroyed the image of our city.' Our sales head was in a panic."

Cosell wondered what the world was coming to. "I'm in the toy department, sports!" he cried. "Are people so juvenile that you can't tell the truth in sports? This isn't Bill Manchester on Jackie Kennedy! This is Howard Cosell on sports! I don't take myself that seriously. Let's not make it Paul Revere on the horse. I'm no hero."

"The American Broadcasting Company has lived with me and permitted me," Cosell plowed on. "Tomorrow they may not. If so, there will be no sad songs for me. I'll go without a whimper. But ABC has been the only network to permit a Howard Cosell, and that's why Howard Cosell is important. *That's* why Howard Cosell is a story. If ever there was a trailblazer, if ever a broadcaster sought to bring sports out of the juvenile, out of the banal—this, you see, is my mission. I have been an electronic first," Cosell declared, "and I don't mean that egotistically."

The electronic first gazed at the ceiling, as if the magnificent trails that he had blazed were etched into the beams for him to see. "Yes," he at last decided. "When you get right down to it, I am a hero."

**END**

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*FOR THE RECORD*

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASEBALL**—NEA With Chamberlain's record streak of field goals without a touchdown (35) over last four games on PHILADELPHIA (61-11) won four games and lost one to the Bulls (28-12) **BOSTON** (34-13), 446 yards behind in second place, took four to run its latest winning streak to eight, while **NEW YORK** (36-40) dropped (lost all five) the last two games and moved the **Knicks**, also last (34-40). Two games behind the **Knicks**, also last about of five, and **BALTIMORE** (19-55) was 1-2 **SAN FRANCISCO** (41-32), 1-4 for the week, broke a five-game losing streak with a 111-102 victory over the **Knicks**. **ST. LOUIS** (13-41) and **LOS ANGELES**, separated by half a game, lost their split-draw, **DETROIT** (44-44) won four of five, and **CHICAGO** (28-45) won three, lost one.

**FIGURE SKATING**—PEGGY FLEMING of Colorado Springs, Colo. gained her second straight women's title for the U.S.'s only gold medal in the 1961 World Championships in Vienna, Austria (page 36)

**684P** DOUG SANDERS of Cedartown, Ga. took the \$100,000 Doral Open in Miami with a 275 total (page 27).

**NOBODY**—NHL fans are goals, including his 20th. Infante hit trick, Bobby Hall nailed his second straight. **CHICAGO** (13-14) gave them three games and four out. The loss to the Maple Leafs, 3-2, was the 10th in a row. **DETROIT** (12-15) won the one-game play-off. **NEW YORK** (23-25) got two, tied one and fell 1-0 against second, while **TORONTO** (22-25) fell 3-1 for the week, held third, three points and 10th place. **MINNESOTA** (19-25) won 3-1. **Winnipeg**, Jerry Staschuk gave his second successive shutout and his 90th (a league record) in his 15-year career. The next night, however, Toronto's Mike Vernon won 3-0. **ST. LOUIS** (19-25) won 2-1. **PHILADELPHIA** (19-25) won 2-1. **MONTREAL** (14-24) lost one and drew one, while **DETROIT** (23-24) tied its closest rival, **MINNESOTA** (23-24) and won 2-1. **BOSTON**'S (15-25) 10th out-standing record, Bobby Orr, shined a 60-foot screen when into the net, with only three seconds remaining to tie the Rangers 4-4. The Bruins' Scott Young hit the net.

**HORSE RACING**—**RUKEN** (\$440) with Fernando Alvarez up, defeated Tumbid Wind by 1½ lengths in the 1 1/8-mile \$110,000 Santa Anita Derby, while in another two-furlong race for 3-year-olds, **REFLECTED GLORY** (\$430) gained a 3½-length

velocity over 16 Reality at the \$148,800 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah Park (page 50)

90-9100—France's JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY took the combined title at the Albert Heijmans international meet in Sestriere, Italy by a first-place first in the downhill and third in the slalom, while Gerhard Nussner of Austria, who finished second in the event, met HELNI MESSNER in the slalom, was runner-up. Women's overall honors also went to France as MARIELE GOTSCHKE and with Italy's GUBTENA DEMETZ for the downhill title and came in second to FLORENCE STEURER in the slalom.

The three-day NCAA championships held on Sugarloaf Mountain in Kingfield, Me., was won for the seventh consecutive year by the UNIVERSITY OF DENVER with a four-event total of 376 1/2, as Denver skiers placed one-two in the slalom and downhill, and two-three in the 45-racer jump.

**SPEED SKATING**—Two more world records were broken at the international meet in Inzell, West Germany. **ARD SCHENKER** of The Netherlands shattered the 1,000-meter record by 2.5 seconds with a time of 1:39.6, and Norway's **FREDRICK ANTON MAILER**, with a 12:11.8 on the 10,000-meter race, bested his 1986 mark by 4 seconds. Later in the week at the European championships also in Inzell, World Women's Champion **STEFAN KAISER** of The Netherlands set two more world marks—low score for four races (1988-89) and the 3,000-meter race (4:36.8).

**THROW**—Australian ROD LAYNE won the pro-am national tournament in New York (page 50)

**INFORM & REJOICE**—Villanova senior DAVE PATRICK took the mile run in 3:40.40. He led his team to victory in the 4000, 8000 and 16000 meter championships. In the 4000, he won the Madison Square Garden (page 46). At the Big Eight Championships in Kansas City, JIM RYUN ran the indoor season's fastest mile with a 3:58.10, taking six seconds off the meet mark and leading Kansas to its second straight title. Ryun also set a meet mark in winning the 800 in 1:52.9 after losing in his heat by inches to Oklahoma's Lee Calhoun (1:54.5). In other events, GEORGE BYERS, a Kansas sophomore, ran the 50-yard low hurdles in 17.4 seconds, the fastest in the world, and set a meet mark in the 400-meter hurdles. He won the meet record in the 60-meter dash with a 6.7.

Twenty-one-year-old Californian TRACY SMITH took 2.2 seconds off Ron Clark's 1964 world short-

mye mark when born on a 13 Oct. at the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Oakland, Calif. 3400 BEAMON, a Texas Western freshman who had a record from 1969 that was 17-8-1, knapt 17-116 in better Ralph Brown's American headgear pressed by five ounces. Both WILLIE DAVIS and GLEN S. of Southern California successfully defended their titles. Development with a more recent time of 7:0 in the 60-yard high hurdles and Seagen with a 17-116 gap in the mile walk, also a more recent time of 1:40.00 in the mile. The mile in 4:03.2 over yesterday's Joe Greife, the 100 in 1:10.0 by the same time, and CHRIS BROWN of Seattle won the 1500 in 4:41.3. And Miss Brown had her chance for a double victory when she was defeated by MADELINE MANNING of Tennessee State in the 1000 in 3:08.3. On a 13 Oct. at the Abby Breen's, Fresno, world marks

**WRESTLING** — Lehigh University (54, Feb. 20) is first loss of the season 18-17, in a dual meet before 7,900 spectators, the largest crowd ever to watch a college wrestling match in the East.

**WILFPOSTS—BANNED** From competition in the Big Ten, seven athletes—including basketball stars RICH JONES and RON DUNLAP and football CYRIL PINDER—from the University of Illinois for receiving illegal financial aid (SI, March 6). The seven Illinois players, plus five others from the basketball and football teams, had been suspended from

**Hired** To head the school at Snowmass-as-Arden, Colo., beginning next December, Norway's 1952 Olympic gold-medal winner STEIN ERIKSEN, 40, who has served in a similar capacity at Sugarbush, Vt. for the past three seasons.

**NAMED:** After a one-year record of 6-18 as basketball coach at George Washington University, JAMES HARRISON (Rube) McARTHUR, 43, is head coach and assistant to the president of the New Orleans Buccaneers, a team in the new American Basketball Association.

**PROMOTED** MILT SCHMIDT, 48, from assistant general manager to general manager of the Boston Bruins. Schmidt, who has been with the team for 31 years as a player, coach and executive, will replace Leighton (Big) Emma next June.

**RESIGNED:** WARREN SCHOLLER, 46, after four years as head basketball coach at Bowling Green State University, because he was "disappointed with the season and the crowd." The season: 11-13. The record: 43-52.

## EFFECTS

52—courtesy Royal Library, Windsor Castle 88—  
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man 87—Khan & Beach Daily Commercial Journal  
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## FACES IN THE CROWD

**MIKE NICHOLS**, 18, of Hallowell, Me. competed in the 161-pound class at the Maine State Weightlifting Championships, where he set four state teen-age records: the press (229 pounds), the snatch (209½) and the clean and jerk (263) for a record total of 701½.

**VIRGINIA MINER**, 11, a fifth-grader from Rochester, N.Y. who has a bowling average of 91 and a previous best game of 125, rolled a 210 and a 222 in league play, each with a seven-throw string, to set a national record for Raritan girls (ages 12 and under).

**LINDA FORKES, 16**, a schoolgirl from Castleford, England who travels some 25 miles every night to practice, became the Postfract League men's table-tennis champion. Said a representative: "It's embarrassing . . . especially as we let her compete only as a guest."

**MIKE MEDCHILL**, a McFarland (Wis.) High senior, gained his third consecutive state wrestling title by beating a friend and former teammate, Jim Grimm of Mineral Point, in the 120-pound class. Mike ended the year with a 33-0 record, is undefeated in 110 matches.

**CARL BERG**, 21-year-old captain of Wittenberg University's swimming team in Springfield, Ohio, averaged 11 points per meet for four years to become the school's first student ever to score over 500 points. Carl holds every school freestyle record from 100 to 1,000 yards.

**BOBBY HAVERN**, a senior at Arlington (Mass.) High, broke the state single-season hockey scoring record for schoolboys with 32 goals and 34 assists as he led his team to its 46th straight regular-season victory in the Greater Boston Interscholastic League.



# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE TOURNAMENTS

Five more conference champions—Toledo (23-1) in the Mid-American, Princeton (23-2) in the Ivy, Temple (20-7) in the Middle Atlantic, West Virginia (19-8) in the Southern and Pacific (21-3) in the West Coast AC—made it into the NCAA tournament, leaving five more to come. The Atlantic Coast, Southeastern, Big Ten, Big Eight and Western AC representatives will be decided this week. The Regionals, meanwhile, begin Saturday with Boston College vs. Connecticut at Kingston, R.I.; Princeton vs. West Virginia and St. John's vs. Temple at Blacksburg, Va.; Western Kentucky vs. Dayton and Toledo vs. Virginia Tech at Lexington, Ky.; Houston vs. New Mexico State and defending national champion Texas Western vs. Seattle at Fort Collins, Colo.

New York's NIT filled out its 14-team field by adding the Mid-American's Marshall (18-6) and Western AC's New Mexico (18-7) and reserving the last two places for runners-up in the Atlantic Coast (probably Duke or North Carolina) and Big Eight (Nebraska or Colorado). The tournament opens Thursday night in Madison Square Garden with Villanova (17-8) playing Marshall and Southern Illinois (20-2) facing St. Peter's (18-5). Other first-round pairings: Saturday afternoon—Providence (20-6) vs. Memphis State (17-8) and Syracuse (20-5) vs. New Mexico; Saturday night—Marquette (18-8) vs. Tulsa (19-7) and Rutgers (19-6) vs. Utah State (20-5).

## THE EAST

1. BOSTON COLLEGE (19-2)  
2. PRINCETON (23-2) 3. ST. JOHN'S (23-3)

It was a week for happenings in the East. For a while Princeton's Dillon Gym sounded like a fish market. While Penn stalled, the partisans cheered, hooted and counted the bounces—once they reached 100 (page 28). The visitors led 9-8 at the half, but eventually the Tigers broke away. Joe Heiser scored six points in the last 23 seconds, and Princeton won the Ivy championship 25-16. When LA SALLE students hanged Coach Joe Heyer in effigy, the Explorers reacted. They upset St. Joseph's 73-70 in the first round of the Middle Atlantic playoffs, but then TEMPLE, which had trounced American U. 83-61, beat La Salle 78-61 in the final.

Syracuse's Fred Lewis had his troubles at Niagara. He was hit with two technicals for towel-waving and "abusive language,"

was ordered out of the game and refused to go, and his team lost its third in a row 71-59. "Those two guys out there made Jesse James look like a piker," fumed Lewis. But he got over his pique when SYRACUSE whipped Colgate 93-78.

BOSTON COLLEGE just made it past Canisius 80-76 and Holy Cross 76-71 while ST. JOHN'S ran into resistance from old rival NYU before winning 55-51. The Redmen then beat Massachusetts 76-64. There were other surprises. MARIETTA defeated Fordham 87-79, and then FORDHAM took NYU 65-55. ST. FRANCIS upset St. Peter's 92-85 to put both teams in a three-way tie with Manhattan for the Met Conference title.

PROVIDENCE Mayor Joseph Doreilly officially proclaimed a Jimmy Walker Night when the Friars met DePaul, and Jimmy celebrated. He scored 38 points, including the last two that edged the Blue Demons 68-67. Then he got 32 as Providence beat Brown 77-68. Walker's average: 29.9.

It was not Bobby Lloyd Day at Penn State, but the Rutgers star made the most of it anyway, as his team won 88-76. Roommate Jim Valvano had 26 points and Lloyd, who scored 35 in an earlier 67-55 win over Lehigh, made nine of 10 free throws and now has 226 out of 243. He is within .604 of a new college record.

## THE SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (21-4) 2. WESTERN KENTUCKY (23-2) 3. TENNESSEE (20-5)

On the way to their ACC tournament showdown with Duke, North Carolina's Tar Heels ran into trouble. SOUTH CAROLINA slowed them down with a warping game, harassed their big shooters with a 2-1-2 zone and beat them 70-57. Duke had North Carolina worried, too—for a half. Then the Blue Devils got into foul trouble, and Coach Vic Bubas had to put his players into a protective zone. Larry Miller tore it apart for 22 of his 29 points, sophomore Rusty Clark snatched up rebounds and the Tar Heels won 92-79 to take the regular-season championship. Now Carolina will have to do it all over again in the silly ACC playoffs, which begin Thursday in Greensboro, to get to the NCAA tournament. One historical note: Duke, which refused to play South Carolina in the regular season, may have to meet the third-place Gamecocks after all. They are both in the same half of the draw.

WEST VIRGINIA'S Bucky Waters had no

doubts before the Southern Conference tournament in Charlotte. "We expect to be the champion," he said flatly. "We're hungry." Soho Mountainers, with Dave Reiser, Carl Head and Ron Williams flipping in shots like pros, ran through East Carolina 82-53, Richmond 82-70 and Davidson 81-65 to win it.

It looked as if a plague had suddenly hit the SEC leaders. ALABAMA upset Tennessee 53-52 and MISSISSIPPI STATE shocked Vanderbilt 74-71. But VANDERBILT came back to trouble Kentucky 110-94 and TENNESSEE burned LSU 87-60 as Ron Widby, honored in pregame ceremonies, returned the tribute by scoring 50 points. With one game to go, the Vols led FLORIDA, a 56-63 winner over Georgia, by half a game and Vandy by a full game. WESTERN KENTUCKY took Austin Peay 116-76 and Middle Tennessee 55-46.

Unbeaten Winston-Salem, with marvelous Earl Monroe, the nation's hottest shooter (43.4 points a game), seemed to be a shoe-in at the CIAA tournament in Greensboro. But Earl twisted an ankle, was held to 20 points by NORTH CAROLINA A&T's dogging zone and Winston-Salem lost 105-82 in the semifinals. North Carolina A&T then beat Howard 76-73 for the title.

## THE MIDWEST

1. LOUISVILLE (23-3)  
2. KANSAS (20-3) 3. TOLEDO (23-1)

When the season began, about all TOLEDO Coach Bobby Nichols had were high hopes and a bunch of sophomores with eyes for the basket. Last week the hot young Rockets exploded for five points in the last 90 seconds, all by Steve Mix and Bob Miller, to overtake Ohio U. 93-90 for their first Mid-American title in 13 years. Then Toledo, with Mix scoring 35, bombed Virginia Tech 90-71 for its best season ever. "Who would have guessed it?" asked Nichols happily.

The pressure was on KANSAS in the Big Eight race. The Jayhawks had to beat Nebraska at Lincoln, where the Huskers had won 19 in a row, to clutch a tie. Coach Ted Owens had other things to worry about, too, like Nebraska's fast break and grabby full-court press. But Owens cut off the break by sending only three men to the offensive boards and Jo Jo White, a quick-handed dribbler, took care of the press. Five free throws by White and Ron Franz in the last minute won for Kansas 64-57.

Indiana's Lou Watson had it figured right when he observed, "We're just not good enough to blow anybody off the court." The Hoosiers, with a chance to open the gap in the Big Ten, lost to ILLINOIS 80-70. That put them in a first-place tie with MICHIGAN STATE—which beat Ohio State 74-63 and Purdue 75-71—with two games to play. But three other teams—Iowa, Northwestern and Wisconsin—were only a game behind and Michigan, last year's champion, was trying to help everybody win the title. The last-

place Wolverines lost to INDIANA 98-96 and WISCONSIN 80-79. "It's been a different year," mused Dave Strack. "Writers don't call me long-distance anymore."

TULSA, despite a 62-59 loss to DRAGI, took second place in the MVC by beating Wichita State 70-57. There was also a last-minute flurry among the independents as DE PAUL upset Dayton 84-79, MARQUETTE beat Detroit 71-64, LOYOLA of Chicago outscored Bowling Green 110-93, NOTRE DAME whipped Creighton 84-59 and SOUTHERN ILLINOIS routed Springfield (Mo.) 93-66.

**THE SOUTHWEST** 1. HOUSTON (23-3) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (20-5) 3. SMU (19-5)

It was warmup time for NCAA contenders in the Southwest. TEXAS WESTERN, getting ready to defend its national championship in the Far West Regional, did not panic when Arizona State led 31-28. David Palacio began hitting on long outside jumpers. Daddy D Latton supplied the muscle underneath and TW won 61-51.

SMU, the Southwest Conference champion, rolled over Texas A&M 85-71 and Texas 92-83 while Houston, with Elvin Hayes shooting up a storm, beat Loyola of New Orleans 106-64 and Air Force 90-80. Hayes scored 41 against Loyola and 23 in the win over Air Force.

**THE WEST** 1. UCLA (25-0) 2. PACIFIC (21-3) 3. UTAH STATE (20-5)

It was the same old story—Stanford tried a stall against unbeaten UCLA, but the Indians missed their first five shots and the contest was over. Lew Alcindor scored 20 points and the Bruins won 75-47. It did not matter what California tried. Lew got 30, Lucius Allen 23 and UCLA coasted 103-66.

It was all over in the West Coast AC, too. With Keith Swagerty mashing down rebounds and Bruce Panom helping out with the scoring, PACIFIC rolled over San Jose State 75-44 and Santa Barbara 102-77 for their 18th straight. But the Western AC had a hiccup. BERKHAM YOUNG won easily enough over Arizona State 100-93 and Arizona 70-58, but streaking WYOMING pulled off a surprise. The Cowboys, although hurt by New Mexico's Mel Daniels (he scored 26 points), came from behind to deck the Lobos 65-64 in Albuquerque, forcing a BYU-Wyoming playoff Saturday for a place in the NCAA. The dubious prize: a game with UCLA in the Far West Regional at Corvallis.

With his team leading Seattle 77-75 and one second to go, UTAH STATE's LaDell Anderson watched Seattle's Tom Workman make the first of two free throws. Then he called time to give Workman a chance to free. It worked. Workman missed the second shot, and the Aggies won 77-76. **END**

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TIGER TALES

Sirs:

The most remarkable thing about your Princeton cover story (*Tiger in the House* of *Jr.*, Feb. 27) is that Author Joe Jans does not once mention Bill Bradley, perhaps the most complete basketball player of all time. This is unfortunate, because if Coach van Breda Koff has constructed the edifice of Princetonian supremacy, Bradley alone is the foundation of the entire structure, and its first seven floors to boot. It is difficult to imagine Thomforde, Hesser, the Hummers and Penrie at Princeton had not Bradley led the way.

On the other hand, the omission of Bradley is perhaps not so unfortunate, for it underlines the magnificent job being done by the coach and the current players. The '67 team probably is better than '65's, next year's team will be better than this year's, and the end is not in sight.

JAMES K. HOLMAN

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

So Princeton is going to build a basketball dynasty? I find that hard to believe, unless they plan to drop out of the Ivy League next year. Princeton may have a 23-2 record, but pitifully few of its opponents are nationally ranked. Their record includes two victories over Yale, which is not even close to being in the nation's top 20. Yet Princeton won by a total of only three points in these games.

Next year the Tigers will lose six of their best players while the Elis will lose only 19-0 men from their squad. As for the freshman team, which will supposedly continue Princeton's dynasty, it lost to the Yale frosh by 21 points.

Enjoy it while it lasts, Butch.

ROBERT G. MACDONIS

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Good article. One detail though. Van Breda Koff hasn't spent all his time on the sidelines. In 1946 he was an All-America soccer player for Princeton.

C. W. BATES

Middletown, Conn.

Sirs:

On the morning after your story on Coach van Breda Koff and Princeton came out, 29 alumni called me, each making the comment, "SI refers to us as a *snuff* college on Long Island."

With your subscribers (and my alumni) in mind, please re-examine the latest statistics on Hofstra. Factually, we are a large uni-

versity (11,000 students). Your reference to geography was correct.

WILLIAM K. KAMER  
Director of Alumni Relations  
Hofstra University

Hempstead, N.Y.

## THE REAL PALMER

Sirs:

Mark McCormack's biography, *My Friend Arnold Palmer* (March 6 *et seq.*), reminds me of an incident several years ago when General Eisenhower and Arnold Palmer played in an exhibition match at Merion for the benefit of the Pennsylvania Heart Fund, of which Palmer was president. Immediately after putting out on the 13th green and without even taking time to go to the locker room, Ike and Arnie left as a helicopter—like had another engagement and had offered to drop Arnie off en route at a nearby airfield. Because of the immediate departure, neither Arnie's caddy nor the locker-room attendant received the customary tip. Needless to say, both would-be recipients were disappointed—both financially and emotionally.

Several days later, as chairman of the event, I received a phone call asking the names of the caddy and the attendant. Soon after the call came a very cordial and apologetic letter with a generous check enclosed signed by Winnie Palmer, asking their forgiveness for Arnie's abrupt departure. In view of the Palmer's' unbelievable schedule and other demands put upon them, I would say this incident gives quite an insight into the real Palmers.

DEAN HILL JR.

Villanova, Pa.

## MORE THAN A NUMBER

Sirs:

Congratulations to William Leggett for a splendid article on Frank Ervin (*The Chronicle* from *Pekin*, Feb. 27). Too often followers (and betters) of racing look upon the record of a horse as merely the result of its natural ability, not the result of the long hours of work put in by men like Ervin. For the past 15 years I've followed harness racing closely, especially the exploits of Mr. Ervin, and in that length of time, and more, very little accolade has gone the way of men like him. Most of it has been showered on the heroes of the so-called sophisticated night-racing tracks, the men who "bring home" four or five winners every night.

This is a shame! Although places like Roosevelt and Yonkers in New York, Liberty Bell in Philadelphia and Sportsman's Park in Chicago have brought harness racing to the

fore of America's spectator sports, they've done it by cloaking with numbers the true beauty of racing. Gamblers like the daily double, twin double, perfecta, exacta and quinnella have replaced the real meaning of harness racing, racing for racing's sake.

For the true fan of racing nothing can top viewing a master of driving like Ervin guiding a horse to a win in a pressure-filled race such as The Hambletonian or Little Brown Jug. Events like these are built on tradition and performance, not spotlights and a \$2 bill. No matter how good a horse may be, it takes men like Frank Ervin to bring that talent out. So when Mr. Ervin points his horse at the crowd and doffs his cap, he has every right to do so.

BRIAN HASCALL

Lisbon Falls, Me.

## FACE-OFF

Sirs:

I have been fortunate enough to play college hockey for several years and pro hockey for one year, and I am wholeheartedly opposed to modeling any game after professional hockey (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 20). I dread the thought of total ice checking in a college game when one club is outweighted.

Pro hockey exists primarily for the benefit of the owners' pocketbooks, the more blood shed, the more money sold. Amateur sports, and I include college hockey in this category, are theoretically pursued for the development of body and mind. I seriously doubt whether the future earning power of the participants should have any bearing on the rules of the college sport. Not every college athlete wants to spend his life as a piece of property, being drafted, bought, sold, traded and generally underpaid.

Professional sports have already damaged college football and basketball by introducing the power of the almighty dollar to young and unseasoned minds. If indeed there is anything wrong with college hockey right now, it is that finances are already too important.

W. GODFREY WOOD

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I think your *SCORECARD* item entitled "Compromise on Ice" is highly commendable and the best thing to hit hockey since Gordie Howe. After watching many Michigan State and Detroit Red Wing hockey games, I can see how your suggestions could help enhance each kind of hockey. Body checking all over the ice would provide the finishing touch the college sport needs in order to become an even greater attraction. And the adoption by the NHL of the two-

line pass could create more exciting games out of sight-checking, defensive substitutes. I hope the proper authorities saw your article and that they take appropriate action.

GREG HUSZCO

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

I am greatly dismayed at the stand you have taken. I refer to your advocating the abolition of the one-line pass rule in the pro game. True, this would loosen the game and make it more spectacular for some fans, but this somehow seems tantamount to such shooies as cutting football teams to eight men, or moving in all baseball-park fences 100 feet. There would be more scoring, but the game would be ruined. The goalie has a tough job as it is. Open passing would make the most difficult job at sport impossible.

Professional hockey as it is now is a game of defense as well as offense. Let's keep it that way.

MIKE JUDD

Eugene, Ore.

#### LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

Sir:

To say the least, I am a bit irritated by your recent articles concerning Ford's wins over Ferrari in 1966 and Ferrari's successful comeback in the 1967 Daytona race (*Sudden Reversal for Ferrari*, Feb. 13). I feel that a little more than half a sentence should have been given to the Porsches, which last year beat the Ferraris at Sebring, and, this time, at Daytona, ended up ahead of the Fords.

Porsche does not put into its racing cars either the finances or the time that Ford and Ferrari do, and yet this tough little car continually finishes among the top competitors in races throughout the world.

CHRIS G. KATRIAS

Mc. Gildad, Ohio

#### BELOW PAR

Sir:

Mr. Desmond Murhead is to be congratulated for introducing the idea that great art can influence the design of golf courses (*New Traits for an Old Art*, Feb. 20). It is about time someone of spirit, imagination and talent appeared to influence the character of our golf courses. They should be islands of beauty across the nation, but too often they have the appearance of the glamorous, meticulously groomed fringes of a cemetery.

GLADYS U. HACKWAY

New York City

Sir:

Who says it is going to take two to three years to decide whether or not Mr. Murhead's ideas are valid? Please tell me what

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## 19TH HOLE continued

there is to validate other golf architects' ideas as expressed in the nothing courses we see built every day?"

It will not be long before Soboba Springs is recognized for the great course it is. It is certainly the best course I have played, and I've played over 100 on this coast.

PAUL R. JOHNSON

Yucca, Calif.

Sir:

Desmond Murhead is right. Many of our golf courses do display rather unimaginative architecture. But studying famous paintings and sculptures will not solve the problem. Your example of Mr. Murhead's architecture looks more like a painting by Van Gogh than a golf hole. Mr. Murhead would have done better to remain a city planner.

KRIS ARNOLD

Manhattan, Kans.

## HEADWAY

Sir:

In Part III of his series *Zero on the Tour* (Jan. 30 et seq.), George Plimpton discusses unusual golf records from *The Golfer's Handbook*, a venerable and reputable record of the game of golf since 1893.

He cites, as a humorous example, the record rebound of a golf ball from the head of a caddy, 42 yards, 2 feet, 10 inches. However, he omitted the fact that this took place on Monday, Sept. 1, 1913 on the famous hazy golf links in Scotland. Nor did he say that the previous world record, a rebound of 34 yards, was set in August 1908 on the Bliargowie golf course.

Further research would have provided even more data on the subject. The November 1913 issue of *Golfing* contained a letter to its editor from Edward W. Steward, who advised that, while playing in a foursome over the Premier Mine Course in South Africa on Sept. 28, 1913 at the 7th hole, "my drive struck a caddy, standing 150 yards from the tee, on the forehead just above the right eye. The ball—a Colonel—rebounded back in a direct line 75 yards. (The distance was measured.) Strange to relate, beyond a slight abrasion of the skin, the caddy was not affected at all and continued his duty. We will observe the record of the Scotsman is easily outdistanced. The drive in question was one of those so dear to a golfer—a hard, rakish shot." This record still stands.

The record rebound may appear humorous to present day readers and writers, but it was one of the items of serious concern to golfers at the turn of the century, and it proves the assertion that anything can happen when playing golf—if you play long enough.

COLONEL R. OTTO PRINCE

South Bend, Ind.

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# If It Was Staggering It Had to Be Eddie

Almost everybody had a tall story about hockey's famous defenseman and unpredictable owner-manager, Eddie Shore. But the remarkable thing is that everybody was telling the truth

by STAN FISCHLER

When the headlines read **PLAYER BEAULT ROCKS HOCKEY** late last year, the reaction of those who remembered was instant: it had to be Eddie Shore's team. For four decades or more when anything happened in pro hockey that was absolutely unbelievable, it had to concern Eddie—Edward William Shore, the balding, scar-faced 64-year-old owner of the Springfield Indians who as player, coach, owner and manager has been the most bizarre and incredible character in the game.

Between 1926 and 1942 Shore played in the National Hockey League, and brought to it a brand of rough-and-tumble that never has been equaled. He antagonized fans, fought opponents and stirred more controversy than any other man in the game. Opponents often teamed to cream him, owners sought to outlaw him and fans came to curse him. But when Shore played, the crowds came. And they saw him play superb, if wild, hockey. When his playing career ended, he had made the league All-Star teams eight times and had assured himself a place in the Hockey Hall of Fame. Driving himself the way he drove his players later, Shore had also acquired more than 900 stitches in his face and body, several fractures in his back, hip, collarbone, nose and jaw, and a mouth minus every tooth.

In 1939, his body battered and his big-league career almost over, Shore put his hankie back into the game he loved, bought the Springfield team in the American League, and promptly became the most unusual owner the sport has known. "Wild, offbeat, nutty, a kook, call him what you will," says Emile Francis, currently general manager of the New York Rangers. "Whatever the term, you're probably right."

Can anyone believe a man would open a training camp by ordering two dozen rugged hockey players to tap dance in the hotel lobby or execute delicate ballet steps on ice? Would any ordinary coach

tape a player's hands to his stick? Or work out day after day with players despite four near-fatal heart attacks? Is it conceivable that a club owner would instruct players' wives to avoid relations with their husbands in the interest of a winning team? Is it conceivable, either, that a man would actually lock a referee out of his dressing room as punishment for "poor officiating? Or order his players to make popcorn, blow up balloons and sell programs when they're not in the game?

"You better believe it," says Defenseman Don Johns, who has played both for and against Shore. "Once Eddie told me he knew why I wasn't a better hockey player. I'm always willing to learn. So I said, 'O K, Ed, what's wrong with me?' Know what he says? 'You're not combing your hair right,' he says. He told me to part it on the other side. That way it would help me, cause I'd have something to think about."

At the opening of training camp the year Johns joined the Indians, Shore beckoned to a rookie. The other players stopped to see what was up. "Eddie wanted the boy to skate with his legs closer," says Johns, "so he pulled out a piece of cord and tied the kid's legs together and told him to skate. Did you ever try to skate with your legs tied with rope?"

Once Johns himself was immobilized on a hospital bed, suffering a 40-stitch cut in his leg. The phone rang. It was Shore. "Mis-ter Johns," he said, "you ought to be ready to play pretty soon."

"But Eddie," I told him, "I can't even turn my leg. . . ." Next thing I know he hung up. For a minute I thought maybe I was babbling myself. So I called the doc and told him to look at the leg. He did and told me I'd be crazy if I got out of bed in the next couple of days."

By the end of the week Johns was released from the hospital and reported to Shore, who occupied a modest office in the Eastern States Coliseum, the rink he leases in West Springfield, Mass.

"Mis-ter Johns," Shore ordered, "you're playing tonight."

"He played me for three minutes," says Johns, "and then suspended me for a week. 'When I played hockey,' he told me, 'I once had 100 stitches in the leg and I was out only three—no, two and a half—days.'"

Johns considers himself more fortunate than most since he was sent to Baltimore after only a year in Springfield. Others, such as Billy McCreary, who played four years for Shore, curse the day they were told to report. McCreary claims Shore's love of a penny would make Jack Benny seem like the last of the great spenders. "We were on strict budgets with him," said McCreary. "He never allowed us to tip taxi drivers more than 15 cents. After a while, we got so well known around the league none of the callhans wanted to pick us up."

"That was bad enough. But some guys had a bonus clause in their contracts. If they got, say, 20 goals, they'd get more money. So a guy would be comin' close to 20 near the end of the season. Does he make it? Hell, Shore would sit him out of the late season games so he couldn't score any more. And if you think I'm joking, just ask anyone who skated for Shore."

Still, among members of the Shore Alumni Association there are as many admirers as critics. One graduate, goaltender Don Simmons, remembers how Shore once ordered him into his office. Don had been in a slump and, naturally, feared the worst. But Eddie was convinced Simmons had developed a mental block against goaltending. He suggested the kid return to his home in Port Colborne, Ont., for a rest. "He told me to go home to my mother. 'Help her around the house,' he said. 'Wash the dishes and do the rest of the chores for her. That'll take your mind off hockey. While you're at it, find a studio and take some dancing lessons.'"

Simmons nearly suffered a nervous breakdown soon after he returned to

continued

play. In a tense game between Cleveland and Springfield, Referee Frank Udvari called a penalty against the Indians that so enraged Shore he ordered his entire team off the ice with the exception of Simmons. Udvari pulled out his watch. "You got 15 seconds to ice a team," the referee said, "or I drop the puck." Shore ignored the threat.

Udvari dropped the puck and five Cleveland players charged at Simmons. So amazed were the attackers at this unheard-of scoring opportunity they fought among themselves over who would take the shot. Finally, Bo Elik of Cleveland shot and missed. Three succeeding shots went wild and Simmons fell on the puck, stopping play. Finally Shore sent his team back on the ice.

Several years later Simmons' wife became involved in the strange world of Shore. The Indians were in a losing

streak, and a notice was posted on the team bulletin board: **PLAYERS AND WIVES REPORT TO DRESSING ROOM AT 3 P.M.**

"We thought it would be a party," says Simmons, "because the Old Man threw a party every once in a while. We told our wives to get dressed up real fine. When we got to the dressing room the girls expected to see decorations. Instead, the room was filled with dirty uniforms and the aroma of liniment. That shook 'em up a bit, but nothing like what was to come."

"After we all sat down, the Old Man looked at our wives and said the team wasn't doing as well as it should. He told the girls he wanted them to pay less attention to their husbands so we could play better hockey for the rest of the season. Then he sent us home. That was the end of the party."

Aldeo Guidolin, an alumnus of Shore Academy, class of 1959, shudders when he recalls his hours of grim instruction under Eddie. "He harps on three points," says Guidolin. "He wants the hands two feet apart on the stick, the feet 11 inches apart on the ice and he wants you to skate in a sort of sitting position. You better do it exactly right or you're in big trouble."

Defenseman Guidolin discovered this one morning during a practice. He had just completed what he considered a perfect pass that resulted in a goal. What's more, he had skated at top speed while doing it. Then he heard the whistle and saw Shore motion to him. "Master Guidolin," said Shore. "Do you know what you did wrong?"

"The pass was perfect," said Guidolin. "I was in the sitting position. My hands were on the stick. What more do you want?"

"Mister Guidolin," Shore replied, "your legs were two inches too far apart."

Outlandish as Shore's ideas may at first appear, they are all grounded in pseudoscientific theory developed and hatched in his encyclopedic mind. "Studying under Shore is like getting your doctorate in hockey science," says Toronto Defenseman Kent Douglas. "The Old Man taught me things about the game nobody else ever mentioned. He showed me you don't have to hit a man real hard—just get a piece of him. He showed me how to maneuver a man till he's off balance. Then you take the puck away from him."

When Douglas complained about being overweight, Shore stayed up nights analyzing the problem. Finally he had the solution. "You're drinking too much water," Eddie said with finality. Douglas eliminated excess water from his diet, lost weight, gained speed and stamina and won the league trophy as outstanding defenseman.

Eddie could see nothing to be surprised at when he ordered Guidolin and a dozen other players to study a number of dance routines. "Tap dancing," he explains, "improves balance, and balance is the foundation of an athlete's ability. From balance you get power and maneuverability. I want a player who can move forward, backward, one side or the other without actually taking a step, just shifting his balance. Add those up each time he has to make a move during a game and he's saving him-

*continued*



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self a tremendous amount of energy."

When any of Eddie's players were out of the lineup due to injury, illness or simply Shore's desire to bench them, they often had to work considerably harder than regular members of the team. These unfortunates were known as the Black Aces. Ex-Black Aces say they were forced to do such odd jobs as painting arena seats, selling programs, making popcorn and blowing up hundreds of balloons before ice shows. But Eddie never makes anyone do a job he wouldn't do himself. Once he was changing light bulbs in the Coliseum's high ceiling. To do this, he had to climb a platform that the players on the ice pushed from bulb to bulb. At one point Shore was hanging on to an overhead cable with one hand and screwing in a bulb with the other when one of the Aces "accidentally" pushed the tower from under him. "He was just hanging there from the cables, but the fellows finally got around to pushing the platform back so he could get down," remembers one of them with satisfaction.

Over the years Shore has managed to antagonize almost every coach and manager in the American League but none more than Cleveland's Jackie Gordon, who is now the Rangers' assistant manager. In a February 1960 game with Cleveland, Shore suffered a fit of pique when Referee Lou Farelli disallowed a Springfield goal, although Goal Judge Bill Tebone had flashed the red light signifying the point. Gordon couldn't believe it when Eddie reacted by removing Tebone from his post behind the net. Shore said if the referee could overrule the goal judge, there was no point in having one. Gordon insisted the least Shore could do was appoint a new judge. Farelli ordered Shore to comply, but Eddie wouldn't hear of it. The referee resumed the game—minus one very important official.

"I did not pull out the goal judge," Shore says today. "He saw the puck go in and put the light on. When the referee would not take his decision, he said, 'If they think I'm a liar, I don't want the job,' and he walked away."

"The referee asked me to put in another judge. I said, 'This man is honest. If I put in another judge, it would be like calling the first one a liar and a cheat.' I told the referee, 'Either he goes back in there or else you won't have a goal judge.'"

Ultimately, League President Richard Canning fined Shore \$2,000. Shortly thereafter Eddie suffered a heart attack. "When he had the attack," an American League official said, "we decided not to press him for the money." Fining without collecting was a formula often followed by Shore himself. This is the other side of Shore, the side as hidden from the public as the far side of the moon.

One night Shore caught a couple of players drinking after hours and fined each \$200. At the end of the season each received a \$200 bonus. Another time Eddie criticized Ken Schinkel for a mistake during a workout. Normally mild-mannered, Schinkel was upset because his wife had just lost a baby. "Eddie," Schinkel shouted, "you can go to hell."

"That'll cost you \$100," snapped Shore.

After the playoffs Schinkel dropped into the hockey office to say goodbye to his boss. "Wait a minute," said Shore, reaching into his pocket and pulling out \$100. "I don't know why I'm so good to you."

"Funny thing about him," says Schinkel, "he fined me every year I was there. But every year he gave me the money back."

Eddie fancies himself as both a psychologist and a medicine man. He insists he twice cured himself of cancer, but he won't explain how. "All I can say," he says, "is three specialists gave me only six months to live and that was in 1940."

One afternoon Shore noticed Schinkel sniffling. Ken had a cold and, having tried the usual remedies without success, was simply waiting out the ailment. Shore had other ideas. "You know what he prescribes?" says Schinkel. "Twelve drops of iodine. And you know what? It worked."

Eddie's prescriptions are not always so effective. He once decided that Schinkel was suffering from yellow jaundice. "The Old Man gave me something he invented and called the 'Mariet Treatment,'" says Schinkel. "It's a laxative made up of oils. I was scared of it, so I took only half of what I was supposed to. I lost 12 pounds in no time, so I cut it out. I think if I'd have taken the whole business it would've been suicide."

Shore's trades are a favorite topic of conversation in the AHL. Hershey sportswriters still are talking about the time he made a man-for-man swap but

was tormented at the last minute over what he considered a slight discrepancy in the players' worth. He finally agreed to the trade on the condition that Hershey throw in a brand-new goal net to complete the transaction.

Shore's trading tactics may have been sharp, but no man has given more of his life, his flesh, his blood for hockey. None has invested more of his time instructing young hockey players. His drive built what was a feeble Springfield franchise into a hockey power the equal of the best in the world, and no other can match Shore's claim of putting every cent he made out of hockey back into the sport.

He has now retired—because of his health—from active management of the Indians. But he still has sharp eyes that give the impression of being permanently blackened from a hockey bout, a wide toothy grin and a pate three-quarters bereft of hair. He speaks slowly, almost ploddingly, and inhales deeply between phrases. His face betrays none of the effects of his hundreds of stitches. In fact, at 5' 11", 185 pounds, he looks as if he could take on half the Springfield team. "But to me," he says, "the \$64 question isn't whether you can take it."

Shore always has been able to take it. As a hockey player he absorbed physical abuse. As an owner and coach he absorbed verbal abuse.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," says Eddie. "Shore has always been in the wrong. He doesn't mean to be but he gets in people's bad graces. He's been outspoken even if it hurts."

But couldn't he easily change his image? Couldn't he get a press agent to spread the word about his philanthropy, his good traits? Couldn't Eddie talk about such things?

"I see no point in bragging," Shore says. "I've always felt the truth will out."

But, with Eddie, it has been almost impossible to separate truth from fiction. His life and his legend have become too interwoven. His bizarre behavior has been embellished in the stories about him, no doubt, but the stories have roots in truth.

"Most of us are a little crazy one way or another," Eddie Shore says. "Some of us admit it. As for me, I'm not sorry about anything I've done in my life. As long as I can be close to hockey I'm happy to be alive."

END



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